

THE BOURBON NEWS.

Swift Champ, Editor and Owner.

Printed Every Tuesday and Friday.

Established February 1, 1881.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

PARIS BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1901.

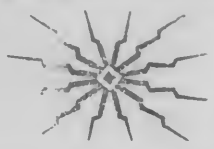
NO. 64.

J. S. WILSON

D. T. WILSON.

JAS. S. WILSON & BRO.

BANK ROW, NORTH SIDE COURT
HOUSE.



COAL.

In time of peace prepare for war. In warm weather prepare for cold. The wise man lays in his supply of coal during the summer months. We have a bounteous supply of SOUTH JELICO and MIXED CANEEL.

SALT.

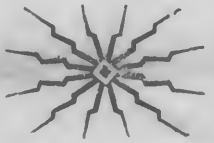
Just received a car load of FRESH SALT.

FARM WAGONS.

We feel confident we have the best lot of farm wagons made, such as AVERY, STUDEBAKER and MITCHELL. We also keep cheaper grades.

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

We sell the celebrated AVERY DISC PLOW, the very best plow for hard ground. We also sell the most popular plow—THE VULCAN. It has a light draft and does nice work. We are also agents for the HOOSIER DRILLS and keep in stock CORN HARVESTERS. In fact anything the farmer needs we try to have for him. We also have some choice SEED RYE.



J. S. WILSON & BRO.,
PARIS, KY.



O. K. STOVES RANGES

Every one guaranteed
to be satisfactory or
money refunded.

CALL AND SEE THEM

We also furnish re-
pairs for all stoves no
matter what make

**Winn &
Lowry.**

**BOURBON
GRANITE & MARBLE WORKS,
PARIS, KY**

QUALITY is the first consideration in buying a Monument. We have but one—the best. Best in material, best in workmanship, best in prices. Our work stands the test of time.
W. A. HILL, Prop.

1855—Artistic Cemetery Work—1901

OBITUARY.

Mr. Edward Myall, father of Mr. William Myall of this city, died Sunday in San Francisco at the advanced age of ninety-two years. Mr. Myall was one of the five charter members of Bourbon Lodge, I. O. O. F., of this city, it having been instituted in 1844. The other four charter members were J. V. Lovely, Jas. T. Davis, W. W. Fothergill, and Samuel Allison. Of this number Mr. J. T. Davis is the only survivor.

Mr. Myall has frequently expressed a wish to again visit his old home, but said he feared his advanced age would prevent him from doing so. His remains were interred at San Francisco.

Mr. Myall at one time represented Bourbon County in the State Legislature, having defeated Mr. Horace Miller for the office. He was the oldest Odd Fellow in the State of California, and at the recent meeting of the Grand Lodge of the State he occupied the post of honor.

Thomas Blake, a well-known and respected farmer, died suddenly at his home near Centerville yesterday, aged 77 years. He leaves a wife, two sons, Edward and John, and two daughters, Miss Maggie, and Mrs. Burke, wife of Deputy Sheriff of this city.

Matrimonial.

The date of the marriage of Miss Lucy Alexander and Mr. William Simms, of Paris, is set for Saturday, October 5th. It will be the anniversary of the union of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Alexander, and at Woodburn, their handsome country mansion in Woodford county. The hour will be at high noon and there will be a dance of honor and four bridesmaids. They will make their home in Lexington.—Lexington Leader.

Births.

Friday, to the wife of T. F. Braunton, a son.

The Kentucky Midland.

There is considerable speculation as to the purchasers of the Kentucky Midland Railroad, and as to what they will do with the road. Mr. Harper, the manager, says the road is to be extended, though no information is furnished as to the nature of the extensions. It is understood that there is ample capital at the back of the road, and that it will be made a much more important property than it has been in the past.—Georgetown Times.

We are still making high grade photos Call and see the latest. Everything strictly up-to-date.

L. GRINNAN & SON.

The latest word known is the Greek word for salt. It is composed of one hundred and seventy-two letters, and Tom Davis, of the Maysville Ledger, says this Greek name may have promoted Mark Twain's refusal to eat hash abroad because he did not know what it was made of, or to eat it at home because he did not know what it was made of.

The word is as follows; and can be found in Liddell and Scott's Unabridged Lexicon:

"Lepadotamachoselachogaleokraniolepeanodrimupotrimmatosilphioparabomelittokatekchumenokheqikossuphophatopeteristalektrnonoyokephallionkgklopeteiolagooisrarabapethraganopterngon.

How To Gain Flesh

Persons have been known to gain a **pound a day** by taking an ounce of SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is strange, but it often happens.

Somehow the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made.

A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking

Scott's Emulsion

You will find it just as useful in summer as in winter, and if you are thriving upon it don't stop because the weather is warm.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

"I wish to state to you and the readers of these few lines that you Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is without question, the best and only cure for dyspepsia that I have ever come in contact with and I have used many other preparations." John Beata, West Middlesex, Pa. No preparation equals Kodol Dyspepsia Cure as it contains all the natural digestants. It will digest all kinds of food and can not help but do you good.—W. T. Brooks

The small bills and railroad tickets that have been placed around town the last three weeks and have caused no end of wondering and guessing on the part of our citizens, have at last been solved by the announcements on the bill boards and windows, of the coming of the Who What When Minstrels, at the Opera House next Monday night, and will, no doubt, be witnessed by one of the largest audiences of the season. Seats on sale Friday morning

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

From my place, last week, a white setter dog pup, about 5 months old, ears lemon color, lemon spot in middle of back and at root of tail. Return and get reward.

Sept 22 J. B. KENNEDY.



STOPS PAIN
Athens, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1901.
Ever since the first appearance of my menses they were very irregular and I suffered with great pain in my hips, back, stomach and legs, with terrible bearing down pains in the abdomen. During the past month I have been taking Wine of Cardui and Theodor's Black-Draught, and I passed the monthly period without pain for the first time in years.
NANNIE DAVIS.

What is life worth to a woman suffering like Nannie Davis suffered? Yet there are women in thousands of homes to-day who are bearing those terrible menstrual pains in silence. If you are one of these we want to say that this same

WINE OF CARDUI
will bring you permanent relief. Console yourself with the knowledge that 1,000,000 women have been completely cured by Wine of Cardui. These women suffered from leucorrhoea, irregular menses, headache, backache, and bearing down pains. Wine of Cardui will stop all these aches and pains for you. Purchase a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui to-day and take it in the privacy of your home.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

R. S. PORTER, - - MANAGER.

MONDAY, SEPT. 16.

**WHO WHAT WHEN
MINSTRELS.**

**ORIGINAL IN NAME.
ORIGINAL IN NATURE.
ORIGINAL IN DESIGN.**

A Fete Day for the Ladies.

The Most Perfect and Complete Minstrel Organization Extant

A HOST OF EUROPEAN NOVELTIES

10 BIG LAUGHABLE VAUDEVILLE AND SPECIALTY ACTS.

Celebrities culled from the ranks of the World's famous artists. More than any other Minstrel Show traveling.

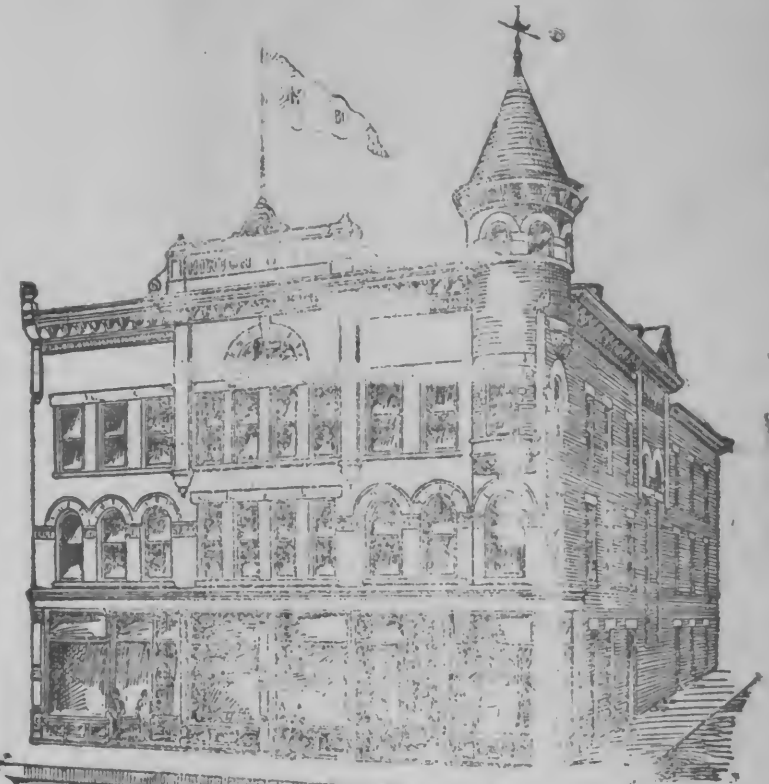
A Galaxy of
OPERATIC VOCALISTS.

50—PEOPLE—50
LAUDED BY MILLIONS.

PRICES:

DRESS CIRCLE.....75
PARQUETTE.....50
BALCONY.....50
GALLERY.....25

Reserved Seats on sale at Brooks drug store.



WISE FURNITURE BUYERS

Are making their purchases now when prices are much lower than they will be when the fall rush commences.

It is not only wise to buy, but it is

Wise To Come To Us.

Our stock is NEW, FRESH and STYLISH IN EVERY RESPECT and we are PREPARED TO PLEASE YOU AND SAVE MONEY FOR YOU.

J. T. HINTON,

Undertaking in all its branches. Embalming scientifically attended to. Carriages for hire. Wood Mantles furnished complete.

Elegant line of Picture and Room Mouldings. Send me your Old Furniture to be repaired. Your Furniture moved by experienced hands.

AMBULANCE.



Booth's Ideal Patent Vici Kid, Imported German Enamel, White Bros'. Box Calf, White Bros'. Box Enamel, Pfister & Vogle's Velour Calf, Burke Bros'. Black Vici, Heyles French Patent Calf.

THESE TANNERS MANUFACTURE THE LEATHER IN OUR "KORREKT SHAPE" \$4.00 SHOES.

The shoe with expression; The guaranteed shoe; The Swagger Shoe for dressy men.

GEORGE M'WILLIAMS,

SOLE AGENT FOR PARIS AND VICINITY.



**Seed Wheat,
Seed Rye,
Timothy Seed.
CHAS. S. BRENT & BRO.**

SHOT THE PRESIDENT

Mr. McKinley Seriously Wounded by an Anarchist Named Leon Czolgosz, But May Recover.

TWO BULLETS FIRED INTO HIS BODY.

One Shot Took Effect in Right Breast, the Other in the Abdomen, Causing a Painful Wound.

The Assassin Was Immediately Arrested by Detectives and Locked Up and Has Made a Written Confession.

The Next Few Hours Will Decide William McKinley's Fate—He Is Holding His Own, But Crisis Is Yet to Be Passed.

Milburn House, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 9.—6 a. m.—The president passed a somewhat restless night but sleeping fairly well. His general condition is unchanged. Pulse, 120; temperature, 101; respiration, 28.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 7.—President McKinley was shot and seriously wounded by a would-be assassin while holding a reception in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American exposition, a few minutes after 4 o'clock Friday afternoon. One shot took effect in the right breast, the other in the abdomen. The first is not of a serious nature, and the bullet has been extracted without piercing the abdominal wall and has not been located.

At 10:40 p. m. the following bulletin by the attending physicians was the only indication of the condition of the president's wounds:

"The president is rallying and is resting comfortably. At 10:50 p. m. temperature 104 degrees; pulse 124; respiration 24. Signed by P. M. Rixey, M. B. Mann, R. Parke, H. Mynter, Eugene Washin. Countersigned by George B. Cortelyou, secretary to the president.

The president, though well guarded by United States secret service detectives, was fully exposed to such an attack as occurred. He stood at the edge of the raised dais upon which stands the great pipe organ at the east side of the magnificent structure. The crowd of people crowded in at the various entrances, to gaze upon their executive, perchance to clasp his hand. The president was in a cheerful mood, and was enjoying the full hearty evidences of good will which everywhere met his gaze.

It was shortly after 4 p. m. when one of the throng which surrounded the presidential party, a medium-sized man of ordinary appearance and plain dress, in black, approached as if to greet the president. Both Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn noticed that the man's hand was swathed in a bandage or handkerchief. He worked his way amid the stream of people up to the edge of the dais until he was within two feet of the president. President McKinley smiled, bowed and extended his hand in that spirit of geniality the American people so well know, when suddenly the sharp crack of a revolver rang loud and clear above the hum of voices.

There was an instant of almost complete silence. The president stood stock still, a look of hesitancy, almost bewilderment on his face. Then he retreated a step, while a pallor began to steal over his features. He was evidently only partially aware that something serious had happened, paused in surprise while his neck was craned and all eyes turned as one to the rostrum.

The president retained the full exercise of his faculties until placed on the operating table and subjected to an anesthetic. Upon the first examination it was ascertained that one bullet had taken effect in the right breast, and the other the nipple, causing a comparatively harmless wound.

The other took effect in the abdomen about four inches below the left nipple, four inches to the left of the navel and about on a level with it.

Upon arrival at the exposition hospital the second bullet was probed for. The walls of the abdomen were opened, but the ball was not located. The operation was hastily closed, and after a hasty consultation it was decided to remove the patient to the home of President Milburn. This was done, the automobile ambulance being used for the purpose. Arriving at the Milburn residence, the task of probing for the bullet which lodged in the abdomen was begun by Dr. Roswell Parke.

When the news of the crime was telephoned to the home of President Milburn, where Mrs. McKinley was resting, immediate steps were taken to soothe her the shock of a premature statement of the occurrence before the true condition of the president was known. Guards were stationed and no one was permitted to approach the house. When it was decided to remove the president from the exposition hospital to the Milburn residence the news was broken to Mrs. McKinley as gently as possible. She bore the shock remarkably well and displayed the utmost fortitude.

While the wounded president was being borne from the exposition to the Milburn residence between rows of on-lookers with heads held high, a far different spectacle was being witnessed along the route of his assailant's journey from the scene of the crime to the police station. The trip was made so quickly that the prisoner was landed safely within the white portals of the police station and the doors closed before any crowd was aware of his presence, the news of the attempted assassination having in the meanwhile been spread broadcast by the newspapers. Like wildfire it spread from mouth to mouth. Then bulletins began to appear on the boards along the newspaper row, and when the announcement was made that the prisoner had been taken to police headquarters, only a few blocks distant from the newspaper section, the crowds surged down toward the terrace, eager for a glimpse of the prisoner.

Then came a commotion. With the leap of a tiger three men threw themselves forward, as with one impulse, and sprang toward the would-be assassin. Two of them were United States secret service men, who were on the lookout, and whose duty it was to guard against just such a calamity as had here befallen the president and the nation. The third was a bystander, a Negro, who had only an instant previously grasped the hand of the president. The latter's disability, however, did not prevent him from springing himself upon the president's assailant. In a twinkling he was borne to the ground, his weapons were snatched, and strong arms pinioned him down.

The crowds that a moment before had stood mute and motionless as in bewildered ignorance of the enormity of the thing, now, with a single impulse, surged forward, while the hoarse cry welled up from a thousand throats, and a thousand men charged forward to lay hands upon the perpetrator of the crime. The crowd surged forward regardless of consequences. Some of those nearest the doors fled from the edifice in fear of a stampede, while hundreds of others from the outside struggled blindly forward in the effort to penetrate the crowd. The scene was a chaotic one, so thrilling in its intensity that few who looked on could ever be able to give a succinct account of what really transpired. President McKinley, after the first shock of the assassin's shot, retreated a step, then, as the detectives leaped upon his assailant, he turned, walked steadily to a chair, and seated himself, at the same time removing his hat and bowing his head in his hands.

In an instant Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn were at his side. His waistcoat was hurriedly opened, the president meanwhile admonishing those

about him to remain calm and telling them not to be alarmed. "But you are wounded," cried his secretary, "let me examine you?" "No, I think not," answered the president. "I am not badly hurt, I assure you."

Nevertheless his outer garments were hastily loosened and when a trickling stream of crimson was seen to wind its way down his breast, spreading its stain over the white surface of the linen, their worst fears were confirmed.

The president's assailant in the meantime had been hustled to the rear of the building by exposition guards where he was held while the building was cleared of spectators. He was then taken to Superintendent Bull, of the Buffalo police department, who took the prisoner to No. 13 police station and afterwards to police headquarters. As soon as the police in the Temple of Music had been dispersed sufficiently the president was removed in the automobile ambulance and taken to the exposition hospital where an examination was made. The best medical skill was summoned and a brief period a number of Buffalo's best known practitioners were at the patient's side.

A police headquarters they were met by a strong cordon of police, which was drawn up across the pavement on Pearl street, and admittance was denied to all but officials authorized to take part in the examination of the prisoner. In a few minutes the crowd had grown from tens to hundreds, and these in turn quickly swelled to thousands, until the streets were completely blocked with a mass of humanity. It was at this juncture that some one raised the cry of "Lynch him." Like a flash the cry was taken up and the whole crowd as if ignited by the single match, thus applied, re-echoed the cry, "Lynch him." "Hang him." "Close the crowd surged. Denser the throng became as new arrivals swelled each moment the swaying multitude. The situation was becoming critical, when suddenly the big doors were flung open and a squad of reserves advanced with a solid front, drove the crowd back from the curb, then across the street, and gradually succeeded in dispersing them from about the entrance to the station.

By this time there were probably 50,000 people assembled in the vicinity of Pearl, Seneca, Erie streets and the Terrace. The crowd was so great that it became necessary to rope off the entire street in front of police headquarters, and at a late hour Friday night the police were still patrolling the streets in the neighborhood in squads of three or four.

Inside the station house were assembled Dist. Atty. Penny, Superintendent of Police Bull, Capt. Roegan of the First precinct, and other officials. The prisoner at first proved quite communicative, so much so in fact that little depended on what he said. He first gave his name as Fred Neilman, said his detention in Detroit was not his fault, he had been in Buffalo about a week. He said he had been boarding at a place in Broadway last night, a place located as John Novak's saloon, a Raines Law

office, struggling there beneath the watchful eyes of physicians and trained nurses, showed not an unfavorable symptom. Five times during the day the eminent doctors and surgeons assembled for consultation and each time the verdict was unanimous that what change had occurred was for the better.

Not the slightest preliminary symptom of peritonitis appeared and the fresh hope, borne with the morning, grew stronger and stronger as the day advanced until toward evening the confidence expressed in the president's recovery seemed almost too sanguine. Dr. Chausse, the famous New York surgeon who had been summoned in consultation, after a thorough examination of which he said he had found not a single unfavorable symptom, joined in the last afternoon bulletin which declared that the president's condition was satisfactory. All the physicians present. It is not strange, therefore, that the vice president, the members of the cabinet and other distinguished visitors who called, came away with lighter hearts and buoyant tread and gave expression to the belief that the president's recovery was a matter of time.

The encouraging news spread over the exposition city with great rapidity, and thousands came in carriages, in street cars and on foot, to learn for themselves of the faith and confidence that existed about the Milburn house. When a score of newshy boys darted into the crowd about 6 o'clock shouting: "Extra. The President Will Live," it was with difficulty they could suppress the shouts of thanksgiving that rose in their throats.

And the newspapermen, many of whom have been at their posts for 48 hours continuously, remained steadfastly throughout the day in the little white walled tents across the street from the house where the country's patient lay, and yet despite all this optimism, the president is by no means out of danger. Not one of his physicians, not one of his advisers who is admitted to the inner councils, has the temerity to go so far as to declare that he is. But if he continues to improve for one more day the danger of peritonitis, which is most dreaded, will have practically disappeared.

Thus far the ball of the assassin, which is still in the body, gives the physicians no anxiety. But in the slightest inflammation of the lungs, or of the liver, it will be immediately extracted. No difficulty is anticipated in this regard.

All the effects of the other which was administered when the operation was performed on the exposition grounds had disappeared Sunday morning and the president's mind was perfectly clear during the time he was awake Sunday. Sunday for the first time he enjoyed natural sleep. Between 5 and 6 a. m. he had the solace of natural slumber for about four hours, and the physicians stated unofficially that his sleep had been "quiet and reposeful," and had helped the sufferer a great deal. Sunday also for the first time a general anesthetic was administered. It was in liquid form and was injected hy-

podermically to avoid the possibility of irritating the walls of the stomach. The exterior wound was dressed Sunday morning and a complete roster of the members of the cabinet and other associates with the president and away almost jubilantly, all reflecting the hopeful outlook at the Milburn house.

Vice President Roosevelt received the news of Secretary Cortelyou and Mr. Hanna's arrival at the residence. There he was joined by Senator Hanna. They have been in frequent consultation with the most confident and encouraging sentiments. The vice president not only shared the cheerful feeling but was extremely optimistic. Both gentlemen took occasion to denounce in unmeasured terms the statements gaining circulation in some quarters that the doctors were not frank in their communications to the public. They maintained that the president's favorable condition was even understated by the physicians through motives of conservatism during the 72 hours of his illness.

Later Secretary Cortelyou took occasion to emphasize this very point by issuing an official statement assuring the public of a complete recovery and the bulletins sent out by the physicians. Senator Hanna came again in the afternoon and was seated far removed from the Milburn house. Secretary Root has taken up quarters immediately next door to the president's residence, and the other members of the cabinet are within those inside. He and Secretary Root, Secretary Hitchcock and Attorney General Knox called together about noon, and indeed there was no time during the day when some member of the cabinet was not in the house where his stricken chief lay. Even those most prominent public life did not see him, as the doctors would not relax the ironclad rule that they have known to prevent the least strain upon his energies and vitality. Those who came and went moved silently and discreetly, and the latest statements from the doctors and dignitaries.

London, Sept. 9.—Queen Margherita, upon hearing the news of the attempt upon the life of President McKinley, says the Rome correspondent of the Daily News, with tears in her eyes, said: "These things come hardest on the women, and at least poor Mrs. McKinley, in her state of health, should have been spared."

The pope, the Daily News correspondent says, also displayed deep emotion, exclaiming: "Oh, how earnestly I pray that he may escape with his life. These violent crimes are the curse of our day. I can only offer the afflicted victim and his poor wife my humble prayers."

Not an Italian. Milan, Sept. 9.—Commenting on the attempted assassination of President McKinley, La Perseveranza says: "Thanks be to God the would-be assassin is not an Italian. Gazerio, Lucchini and Bresci have given an abominable reputation to our name abroad and brought upon our countrymen in foreign lands, not a little evil. Such wretches, however, have no nationality, just as they have no country, no conscience, no morality."

Pittsburg, Kan., Sept. 7.—When the Italian assassin, who was near here, heard of the attempted assassination of President McKinley they held a big jubilation, and the anarchists out of town. A number of shots were fired.

THE CRISIS NOT PASSED.

The Professional Gentlemen and the Officials, However, Are Hoping For the Best.

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Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 9.—Through a quiet, peaceful Sabbath every word that came from the big vine-clad house in Delaware avenue in which the stricken chief magistrate of the nation lies battling for life was reassuring, and Sunday night the chances of his recovery were so greatly improved that all those who have kept the patient vigil at his bedside felt strongly that his life will be spared.

The developments of Saturday night and Sunday were dreary, but hour after hour passed and the distinguished pa-

tient, struggling there beneath the watchful eyes of physicians and trained nurses, showed not an unfavorable symptom. Five times during the day the eminent doctors and surgeons assembled for consultation and each time the verdict was unanimous that what change had occurred was for the better.

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Not the slightest preliminary symptom of peritonitis appeared and the fresh hope, borne with the morning, grew stronger and stronger as the day advanced until toward evening the confidence expressed in the president's recovery seemed almost too sanguine. Dr. Chausse, the famous New York surgeon who had been summoned in consultation, after a thorough examination of which he said he had found not a single unfavorable symptom, joined in the last afternoon bulletin which declared that the president's condition was satisfactory. All the physicians present. It is not strange, therefore, that the vice president, the members of the cabinet and other distinguished visitors who called, came away with lighter hearts and buoyant tread and gave expression to the belief that the president's recovery was a matter of time.

The encouraging news spread over the exposition city with great rapidity, and thousands came in carriages, in street cars and on foot, to learn for themselves of the faith and confidence that existed about the Milburn house. When a score of newshy boys darted into the crowd about 6 o'clock shouting: "Extra. The President Will Live," it was with difficulty they could suppress the shouts of thanksgiving that rose in their throats.

And the newspapermen, many of whom have been at their posts for 48 hours continuously, remained steadfastly throughout the day in the little white walled tents across the street from the house where the country's patient lay, and yet despite all this optimism, the president is by no means out of danger. Not one of his physicians, not one of his advisers who is admitted to the inner councils, has the temerity to go so far as to declare that he is. But if he continues to improve for one more day the danger of peritonitis, which is most dreaded, will have practically disappeared.

Thus far the ball of the assassin, which is still in the body, gives the physicians no anxiety. But in the slightest inflammation of the lungs, or of the liver, it will be immediately extracted. No difficulty is anticipated in this regard.

All the effects of the other which was administered when the operation was performed on the exposition grounds had disappeared Sunday morning and the president's mind was perfectly clear during the time he was awake Sunday. Sunday for the first time he enjoyed natural sleep. Between 5 and 6 a. m. he had the solace of natural slumber for about four hours, and the physicians stated unofficially that his sleep had been "quiet and reposeful," and had helped the sufferer a great deal. Sunday also for the first time a general anesthetic was administered. It was in liquid form and was injected hy-

podermically to avoid the possibility of irritating the walls of the stomach. The exterior wound was dressed Sunday morning and a complete roster of the members of the cabinet and other associates with the president and away almost jubilantly, all reflecting the hopeful outlook at the Milburn house.

Vice President Roosevelt received the news of Secretary Cortelyou and Mr. Hanna's arrival at the residence. There he was joined by Senator Hanna. They have been in frequent consultation with the most confident and encouraging sentiments. The vice president not only shared the cheerful feeling but was extremely optimistic. Both gentlemen took occasion to denounce in unmeasured terms the statements gaining circulation in some quarters that the doctors were not frank in their communications to the public. They maintained that the president's favorable condition was even understated by the physicians through motives of conservatism during the 72 hours of his illness.

Later Secretary Cortelyou took occasion to emphasize this very point by issuing an official statement assuring the public of a complete recovery and the bulletins sent out by the physicians. Senator Hanna came again in the afternoon and was seated far removed from the Milburn house. Secretary Root has taken up quarters immediately next door to the president's residence, and the other members of the cabinet are within those inside. He and Secretary Root, Secretary Hitchcock and Attorney General Knox called together about noon, and indeed there was no time during the day when some member of the cabinet was not in the house where his stricken chief lay. Even those most prominent public life did not see him, as the doctors would not relax the ironclad rule that they have known to prevent the least strain upon his energies and vitality. Those who came and went moved silently and discreetly, and the latest statements from the doctors and dignitaries.

London, Sept. 9.—Queen Margherita, upon hearing the news of the attempt upon the life of President McKinley, says the Rome correspondent of the Daily News, with tears in her eyes, said: "These things come hardest on the women, and at least poor Mrs. McKinley, in her state of health, should have been spared."

THE CABINET.

All the Members Except Secretaries Hay and Long Are Near Their Stricken Chief.

All of the members of the cabinet are now here except Secretaries Hay and Long. The former telegraphed Sunday that he would start from Newberry Monday, probably in time to be here Monday night. Secretary Long also telegraphed that he was coming, but did not specify the time. The cabinet officers feel it to be their duty to be here in the crisis to meet any emergency. They are holding no formal meetings, although there are some matters of public business which they daily discuss informally, and the possible contingencies should the president grow worse are also thoroughly canvassed. They do not believe that there is the most remote possibility that Vice President Roosevelt will be called upon to exercise the functions of chief magistrate under the disability clause of the constitution while the president lives.

Vice President Roosevelt would not have a court of still, in the event of grave international complications, an emergency might occur, and the question has arisen in their minds as to who should proclaim the disability provided for by the constitution.

The members of the cabinet are making their headquarters at the Buffalo club, and there their interchanges take place. They are to remain here for the present until the president's condition improves and not even thought of while the president is not entirely out of danger. If he should pass the danger point, however, they would return at once to Washington.

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

Mrs. McKinley Bears Up Bravely and Her Fortitude Is Regarded as Remarkable.

Mrs. McKinley continues to bear up bravely under the strain of the circumstances as regarded as remarkable. One of her dearest and closest friends, Mrs. Rixey, of Newberry, has arrived here and will probably remain with her during this trying period.

The members of the cabinet are doing everything in their power to prevent the sensational exploitation of Czolgosz, because he undoubtedly craves notoriety. They are determined to keep the matter out of the country's eyes. They do not desire to place any stone in the path of the authorities who are laboring to unravel the plot, if any plot existed, and all the machinery of the government secret service will be used to aid the state authorities in the prosecution of their investigation. But by direct request of Secretary Root on behalf of his colleagues, the district attorney and the police will not permit the prisoner to be seen or interviewed, nor will they discuss the methods of the results of their efforts to discover the originators of the plot. All that has leaked out from the jail shows that the prisoner is vain and boastful of his crime, and would, if given an opportunity, fill the newspapers with columns of his vapors.

Amer. McKinley, brother of the president, reached here at 12:30 a. m. He was admitted to the house at once.

THE PUBLIC WILL BE ADVISED.

The Actual Condition of the President Will Be Made Known Through Bulletins.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 9.—The public will be kept fully advised of the actual condition of the president. Each bulletin is carefully and conservatively prepared, and is an authoritative statement of the most important features of the case at the hour it is issued. The people are entitled to the facts and shall have them. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President.

This statement is intended to put at rest any idea that the official bulletins underestimate the conditions and at the same time to give assurance that those with the president in mind that the people shall have the facts.

HE IS AN ANARCHIST.

The Assassin Denies That He Had a Confederate in the Attempted Murder.

Buffalo, Sept. 7.—Leon Czolgosz, the self-confessed assassin, had signed a confession covering six pages foolscap, which state that he is an anarchist and that he was an enthusiastic member of the anarchist body through the influence of Emma Goldman, whose writings he had read and whose lectures he had listened to. He denies having any confederate and says that he decided on the assassination of the president three days ago and bought the revolver with which the act was committed in Buffalo. He has seven brothers and sisters in Cleveland, and the Cleveland directory has the names of about that number living on Hosmer street and Ackland avenue, which adjoining. Some of them are butchers and others in different trades. Czolgosz does not appear in the least degree uneasy or penitent for his action. He says he was drawn by attention to Emma Goldman's lectures and writings to decide that the present form of government in this country was all wrong and that he thought the best way to end it was by killing the president. He shows no sign of insanity, but is very reticent about much of his career. While acknowledging himself an anarchist, he does not state to what branch of the organization he belongs.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 7.—The city directory contains the names of several persons named Czolgosz living on Hosmer street. The neighborhood is a Polish settlement in the far southeast end of the city. The police and a number of newspaper men have gone to learn what "they can of Czolgosz's recent movements in his country."

Czolgosz has a father living on a farm about eight miles from Cleveland. He is suing himself. He was the editor and claims to be a member of the "Golden Eagles" of Erie City Corner, when questioned concerning Czolgosz, said Saturday morning that he was satisfied he was a Cleveland man. The farm of Czolgosz's father is said to be in Warrensville, a settlement eight miles south of Cleveland.

THE POPE'S SYMPATHIES.

He Earnestly Prays That President McKinley May Escape With His Life.

London, Sept. 9.—Queen Margherita, upon hearing the news of the attempt upon the life of President McKinley, says the Rome correspondent of the Daily News, with tears in her eyes, said: "These things come hardest on the women, and at least poor Mrs. McKinley, in her state of health, should have been spared."

The pope, the Daily News correspondent says, also displayed deep emotion, exclaiming: "Oh, how earnestly I pray that he may escape with his life. These violent crimes are the curse of our day. I can only offer the afflicted victim and his poor wife my humble prayers."

Not an Italian. Milan, Sept. 9.—Commenting on the attempted assassination of President McKinley, La Perseveranza says: "Thanks be to God the would-be assassin is not an Italian. Gazerio, Lucchini and Bresci have given an abominable reputation to our name abroad and brought upon our countrymen in foreign lands, not a little evil. Such wretches, however, have no nationality, just as they have no country, no conscience, no morality."

Pittsburg, Kan., Sept. 7.—When the Italian assassin, who was near here, heard of the attempted assassination of President McKinley they held a big jubilation, and the anarchists out of town. A number of shots were fired.

THE CRISIS NOT PASSED.

The Professional Gentlemen and the Officials, However, Are Hoping For the Best.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 9.—Milburn House Sunday night was included in a time-critical to the president. He is holding his own, as Secretary Cortelyou expects, and the king of Italy sent personal messages. These messages were not hesitated to denounce in the strongest language the deed of the assassin. The bulletin concerning the president's condition are being sent to all these inquirers abroad. Should occasion arise a contingency only considered a very remote possibility, for the vice president to discharge the duties of president during the latter's disability, the cabinet would have to determine and proclaim the necessity for such a course.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 9.—Through a quiet, peaceful Sabbath every word that came from the big vine-clad house in Delaware avenue in which the stricken chief magistrate of the nation lies battling for life was reassuring, and Sunday night the chances of his recovery were so greatly improved that all those who have kept the patient vigil at his bedside felt strongly that his life will be spared.

The developments of Saturday night and Sunday were dreary, but hour after hour passed and the distinguished pa-

tient, struggling there beneath the watchful eyes of physicians and trained nurses, showed not an unfavorable symptom. Five times during the day the eminent doctors and surgeons assembled for consultation and each time the verdict was unanimous that what change had occurred was for the better.

SHORT OF FUNDS.

Colombia's Financial Straits Are Extreme and She Is Pushed to the Last Point.

Colon, Sept. 9.—The United States battleship Iowa arrived at Panama Saturday.

Colon, Sept. 6, via Kingston, Sept. 8 (Refused at Colon by the censor and forwarded by steamer to Kingston).—Colombia's financial straits are extreme, and she is pushed to the last point to obtain funds. The Colombian paper is now worth less than three cents, and gold continues to depreciate. Seventy or eighty per cent. of the people of the country sympathize with the revolution and are opposed to the present government, largely, it is asserted, on account of the government's exaction of taxes and imposts and other vexatious efforts to raise money. This financial distress, coupled with the extent of the revolution, which momentarily becomes more threatening—this being especially the case in the Venezuelan entanglement—it is asserted, constitutes the strongest reason why Colombia can not go to war with Venezuela with any hope of success.

The future contains no promise of financial betterment, and the people become daily more burdened. Forced loans are common, and their daily recurrence is expected. In some cases customs receipts have been hypothecated months in advance as security for these loans, and in other cases no security is given. The continuation of such governmental impositions increase the liberal ranks, and the prolongation of the present situation will, it is believed, increase the liberals' chances of success.

The government is holding the army, which it is making strenuous efforts to pay, and which, with the official employees, seems strong enough to prolong the present situation, but unable to deal the revolution a crushing, effective blow. Time will strengthen the rebels' position throughout the country, but in the isthmus district they notably lack leaders. The government to-day owes the 1,500 troops on the isthmus \$45,000 in gold in back pay.

Reports are again in circulation that the liberals are concentrating at Chorrera, on the Pacific coast, 15 miles north of Panama. Similar reports have been current for weeks past.

Kingston, Jamaica, Sept

HARDSHIPS OF LITTLE WALDO.

I wish 'at I could go to work
Away in town some where,
Like my pa does, and have a chance
To stay all day down there,
And have some fun like other folks,
Instead of bein' here,
And listenin' to ma yell out,
"I want you, Waldo, dear!"

I never go across the street
Or round the block to play
Without I hear her kollerin':
"Come in here, right away,"
And when the Hudson boys come up,
As soon as I begin
To have a chance to bat she says:
"Now, Waldo, dear, come in!"

I can't pile up things in the yard
Because she comes and takes
One look and then holds up her hands
And hollers: "Mercy sakes!
Clean all that rubbish out of here,
My gracious, goodness me!"
I wish I'd be an orphan boy,
And then I guess she'd see.

She just goes round all day and tries
To think up every way
There ever was to never let
A boy get out to play:
Whatever I would rather do,
She always tells me: "No!"—
I wish I'd die, and then I guess
That she'd be sorry, though.

I wish 'at I was big enough
To work down at the store
'Cause then, you know, a person's ma
Can't make him mind no more;
I'd like to go downtown with pa
Almost before daylight
And get a chance, sometimes, to stay
Till ten o'clock at night.

I wonder why a person's ma
Won't ever let you do
Or see or hear or say the things
You're always wantin' to?—
She's always hollerin': "Come in
As quick as you can!"
I wish as soon as I was borned
That I'd 'a' been a man!
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon,
Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S
QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD
BLAKE," etc.

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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Mrs. Vane has a convert. Did you see Mrs. Ward's girl in the pew with her?" Mrs. Wilson asked, eagerly.

"Yes. Rather a neat, pretty girl, and seemed to know her place. Mrs. Ward told me the other day that she is well educated and—"

"It is no sort of use trying to do that sort of thing!" Mrs. Rice interrupted, with energy. "I tried that plan once in Whiteville, and it did no good at all. Servants as a class cannot be treated that way. They always take advantage of it."

"That's what I have always said," added Mrs. Burns. "Look at Mrs. Vane's girls. She changes as often as any of us, and has as much trouble. The girls don't want to be treated like that."

"And, if they do, it makes no difference with their real position. No one will really ask them into society; and, if they did, they would not know how to behave," Mrs. Wilson exclaimed.

"It does seem a pity, though," Mrs. Rice went on, "that girls like this one shouldn't be allowed to have a chance like other people. What is she with Mrs. Ward for if she is educated and all that?"

"O, she has some idea of helping solve the servant-girl problem," Mrs. Burns replied. "At least, Mrs. Ward told me something of that sort. She does not know all about the girl herself."

"It's a queer way to solve the question—to go out as a servant herself," said Mrs. Wilson, and the other two women said: "That's so!" Yet all three of these women had been brought up on the theology of the orthodox teaching of the atonement.

"Did you see Mr. Morton speaking to the Wards? He was just as polite to the girl as he was to anyone in the church."

"Of course; why not?" Mrs. Rice asked with a superior air. "But now imagine Mr. Morton or any other gentleman in Crawford really considering a servant as they consider the clerks at Bondman's."

"O well, of course, there is a difference."

"Of course," the other two women assented. But, after all, what constitutes the exact difference between honest labor of the hands in a factory or a store and in a home? If they are both service that humanity needs for its comfort or its progress, ought they not both to be judged by the standard of service, not by the standard of place where the service is rendered?

"I think Mrs. Ward will find out her mistake, and be ready to say so in a little while. If she is going to bring her girl to church with her, I don't see where she can stop short of taking her with her everywhere else; and of course society will not tolerate that," Mrs. Rice said after a pause.

"Of course not. The whole thing is absurd. The girls must keep their places. All such eccentric women like Mrs. Vane do more harm than good," Mrs. Burns declared with decision.

"I had given Mrs. Ward credit for more sense," Mrs. Wilson said, gravely. "But I must turn down here. Good-by."

"Good-by. Don't forget the committee meeting at my house to-morrow," cried Mrs. Rice, and very soon she parted from Mrs. Wilson, reminding her, as they separated, of the church-committee meeting later in the week.

The next morning after Mr. Ward had gone down to his business Mrs. Ward said to Barbara: "You remember Mr. Morton is coming to lunch with us to-day. Would you like to sit at the table with us?"

The color rushed into Barbara's face, and she did not answer at once. Then she said slowly: "No, Mrs. Ward, I told you when I came, if you

remember, that I never expected to sit with the family at meal-time. My place as a servant is to wait on the family then."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Ward, quietly. "I simply asked because I want you to understand that I am ready to help you. Of course, you are not like the other girls who have worked for us. I have no doubt you could be perfectly at your ease with Mr. Morton or anyone else in society." Mrs. Ward spoke with some womanly curiosity, for Barbara had not yet taken her into full confidence, and there was much in the girl's purpose and character that Mrs. Ward did not know.

"I suppose I could, probably," Barbara answered, demurely.

"Of course, you shut yourself out of the society of people in your own rank of life by choosing to be a servant," Mrs. Ward went on abruptly. "You know that as well as I do."

"Yes," replied Barbara, gravely. "You know well enough that if I had introduced you yesterday to all the people in Marble Square church, probably not one of them would ever have invited you to come and see them or even enter into any part of the church life."

"I suppose so," Barbara replied, flushing deeply. And then she said: "But I understand well enough that such conditions exist because in the majority of cases the girls who go out to service in Crawford would not care to be invited to the homes of the people in Marble Square church, and would feel very miserable and ill at ease if they should be invited into any such homes."

"That is what I have often said. The servant girls are in a distinct class by themselves. They are the least educated, the most indifferent to refining influences, of all the laboring classes."

"At the same time," Barbara began; but Mrs. Ward was called out of the room by some demand of Lewis, who was still posing more or less as an invalid although he was able to be about; and Barbara went on with her work, conscious that the dragon was in some directions every day.

About noon the bell rang, and Barbara with a little heightening color in her face went to the door.

Mr. Morton greeted her as she opened the door saying: "Happy to meet you again, Miss Clark. A little pleasanter and not so hot as last week."

Barbara returned his greeting by saying: "Yes, sir," and took his hat, while he walked immediately into the sitting-room like a familiar guest.

Mrs. Ward heard him from upstairs, and came down at once, while Barbara went into the kitchen.

During the meal Barbara could not avoid hearing part of the conversation. She had always remembered what her mother had often said about servants telling everything heard in the family talk and she had tried since coming to the Wards to train herself not to listen to what was being said, especially at the table when she was called in to stand and wait at the beginning or during the different courses.

But to-day in spite of herself she could not avoid hearing and knowing a part of the general conversation. She heard Mr. Ward good-naturedly asking Mr. Morton how long he expected to live in a hotel at Carlton.

"I'll warrant all the young ladies in Carlton have given him at least a barrel of slippers already," Mr. Ward said, looking at his wife.

"Will you give me the highest market price for all the slippers I possess so far?" Mr. Morton asked, with a smile. Mr. Ward was in the wholesale boot and shoe business.

"I don't know. I don't think I want to load up so heavily on slippers."

"I assure you it would not ruin you," Mr. Morton answered lightly.

"I think with Mrs. Ward, though, that you ought to be getting a home of your own," Mr. Ward was saying when Barbara came in with the dessert.

"My sister is coming up to Carlton to keep house for me if I stay there next year; I don't mind saying that the hotel is getting rather tiresome."

"If you stay? Why, are you thinking of leaving?"

"No, but I was hired for a year only."

"Listen to the modest young preacher!" began Mr. Ward, with a smile. "Of course, Carlton will want you another year. If they don't, come down to the Marble Square church. There is a possibility of Dr. Law's leaving before Christmas. He is growing old and his health has failed rapidly of late."

Mr. Morton said nothing in answer to this, and when Barbara came in next time they were all talking of the college days when Alfred and Morton were together.

Barbara had eaten her own dinner and was at work again, clearing off the dinner dishes, so that, when Mr. Morton rose in the other room to go, she heard him exchanging farewells with the Wards and promising to come down again before long. He went out into the hall, and after a pause Barbara heard him say: "I don't find my hat. Possibly Miss Clark hung it up somewhere."

There appeared to be a search going on for the missing hat, and Barbara's face turned very red as she took some dishes out into the kitchen and on turning to come back saw the missing hat on a chair at the end of the table, where she had absent-mindedly carried it on Mr. Morton's arrival.

She recovered herself in a moment, and, taking up the hat, brought it into the hall, saying as she confronted the minister: "I plead guilty to absent-mindedness, Mr. Morton. I carried your hat out into the kitchen."

They all had a good laugh at Barbara's expense, in which she joined, and Mr. Morton removed the last of Barbara's confusion by speaking of his own absent-minded moments.

"The last time I had a lesson that ought to cure me," he said, smiling at Barbara frankly. "I left my sermon all neatly written on my desk in my room at the hotel, and brought with me into the pulpit several pages of blank foolscap paper that had been lying on the desk close by my sermon. I hadn't time to go or send back for the sermon, and was obliged to preach without notes except the few I could make at the time."

"O, well, absent-mindedness is one of the marks of genius," Mr. Ward remarked, laughing.

"We will comfort ourselves with that hope, then, won't we, Miss Clark? Good-by. Have enjoyed my visit very much."

Barbara went back to her work, blushing again over the little incident as she entered the kitchen, but grateful to the young man for the kindly, off-hand, but thoroughly gentlemanly manner in which he had treated it. It was a very little event, so little that it hardly seems worthy of mention, yet Barbara found her mind recurring to it several times during the day.

During some baking in the afternoon, Carl was an interested spectator and finally prevailed on Barbara to make him a gingerbread man. When she had cut it out and put some white dough on it for eyes, nose and mouth, and coat buttons, she suddenly remarked aloud, after Carl and she had both been silent some time: "He is a perfect gentleman, and that is more than can be said of some college-bred men."

"Is this a college-bred man, Barbara?" asked Carl, the terrible. "I thought it was a gingerbread man. You said you would make me a gingerbread man. I don't want a college-bred man."

"This is a gingerbread man," replied Barbara, hastily, as she turned to the oven and opened the door.

"Then who is the other man?" persisted Carl.

"O, never mind; I was thinking out loud."

"It isn't nice to do," remarked Carl, reflectively.

"I don't think it is, either," Barbara admitted.

"Then what makes you do it?" insisted Carl.

"I won't any more when you are around," promised Barbara with much positiveness. The child seemed satisfied with this statement; but, when Barbara at last took the gingerbread man out of the oven, Carl suddenly said: "Let's name him, Barbara."

"All right," said Barbara, pleasantly.

"You give a name," Carl suggested.

"Well, how about Carl?"

"No, I don't like that. Let's call him—let's call him Mr. Morton."

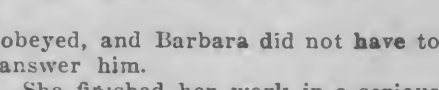
"Very well," replied Barbara, hurriedly. "Run right along with it. Your mamma is calling you, and I must finish my baking."

"Don't you think he looks like him?" Carl insisted as he grasped the figure by the feet, which in the process of baking had become ridiculously short and stubby, merging into the coat tails.

"No, I don't think it's a striking resemblance," said Barbara, laughing.

"Well, I do. I think he looks just like him. I like Mr. Morton, don't you?" But at that moment Mrs. Ward called Carl in the tone he always

MR. MORTON GREETED HER.



obeyed, and Barbara did not have to answer him.

She finished her work in a serious mood, and in the evening in the little room over the kitchen she at first sat down to meditate as her custom sometimes was. But, suddenly changing her mind, she opened her Bible to seek out another of the passages that referred to the servant or to service, and after several unsuccessful attempts to locate a verse that she thought was in Thessalonians, she found the passage in Ephesians, sixth chapter, fifth verse.

"Servants, be obedient unto them that according to the flesh are your masters, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not in the way of eye-service as men please; but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as unto the Lord and not unto men; knowing that whatsoever good thing each one doeth, the same shall he receive again from the Lord, whether he be bond or free. And ye, masters, do the same things unto them, and forbear threatening; knowing that both their Master and yours is in Heaven, and there is no respect of persons with Him."

"I wonder just what those words mean," Barbara thought. "And ye, masters, do the same things unto them?" Of course, they could not change places as master and slave. It must mean a mutual honesty and justice and Christlikeness in their relations to one another. And then

she gained great comfort from the last verse. "And there is no respect of persons with Him."

"My Father in Heaven," she prayed, "I have chosen my work, or Thou hast chosen it for me. Just what its crosses may be, I do not yet know. Whatever I shall be called upon to lose, Thou knowest. But in and through all, sustain me with this loving thought: 'There is no respect of persons' with Thee, Thou who dost respect the service of men, and not their outward station. Sustain me by Thy name, in Christ's name. Amen."

When Thursday afternoon of that week came, Barbara remembered her promise to Mrs. Vane; and, when she went out, as it was her regular afternoon off, she told Mrs. Ward that she was going to call on Mrs. Vane.

"You will find her a very interesting woman. I don't know how much she can do to help your ideas. She is eccentric. But in any case you will find her interesting," Mrs. Ward ventured to say.

"I am sure she is," said Barbara.

"If she asks you to stay to supper you needn't come back to get ours. I'll manage somehow." Mrs. Ward spoke kindly, and Barbara was on the point of thanking her and accepting the permission, when she noted Mrs. Ward's pale face and nervous manner. She had been suffering all the morning from one of her wretched headaches.

"Thank you," replied Barbara, quietly; "but I prefer not to. I'll be back in time to get supper."

"Do just as you please," Mrs. Ward replied, but Barbara detected a look of relief on her tired face as she went out.

(To Be Continued.)

BISMARCK AND SCHLOEZER.

How the Latter Outwitted the Iron Chancellor and Became Minister to the United States.

F. Max Muller tells a story in his Autobiography, published by the Scribners, that has a special interest for Americans. It is about Karl de Schloezer, whom he met at Paris and who afterward was minister to the United States.

"He entered the Prussian diplomatic service," writes Prof. Muller, "and was the protégé of the princess of Prussia, afterward the empress of Germany. That was enough to make Bismarck dislike him, and when Schloezer served as secretary of legation under Bismarck as ambassador at St. Petersburg, he committed the outrage of challenging his chief to a duel. Bismarck declined, nor would it, according to diplomatic etiquette, have been possible for him not to decline."

"Later on, however, Schloezer was placed in disponibility, that is to say, he was politely dismissed. He had to pay a kind of farewell visit to Bismarck, who was then omnipotent. Being asked by Bismarck what he intended to do, and whether he could be of any service to him, Schloezer said very quietly: 'Yes, your excellency. I shall take to writing my memoirs, and you know that I have seen much in my time which many people will be interested to learn.'"

"Bismarck was quiet for a time, looking at some papers, and then remarked, quite unconcernedly: 'You would not care to go to the United States as minister?'"

"I am ready to go to-morrow," replied Schloezer, and having carried his point, having in fact outwitted Bismarck, he started at once for Washington.

Bismarck knew that Schloezer could wield a sharp pen, and there was a time when he was sensitive to such pen-pricks. They did not see much of each other afterward, but, owing to the protection of the empress, Schloezer was later accredited as Prussian envoy to the pope, and died too soon for his friends in beautiful Italy.

His Aim in Life.

People bother little boys so! All the tourists to his island home used to ask this one: "What are you going to be, boy? what are you going to be?" and the boy impatiently replied at every interruption of his important undertakings: "I'm going to be a sailor and climb the masts."

Last summer he took an ocean voyage and was very seasick, and the third day his father asked: "What are you going to be, boy? what are you going to be?"

"I am not going to be a sailor and climb the masts," he replied. "I am going to be a soldier and shoot cannon."

A big uncle took the boy to see a famous cyclorama, where the smoke and carnage and realistic dead bodies in the foreground shattered another of his ambitions. To the teasing question: "What are you going to be, boy? what are you going to be?" came the answer, in a burst of confidence:

"I am not going to be a sailor and climb the masts. I am not going to be a soldier and shoot cannon. I am going to be a bachelor and marry mamma!"—Youth's Companion.

A Parliamentary Anecdote.

Three members of the ministerial front bench the other day had to rush across to the lobby of the house of commons to catch the division bell in a manner that was not perhaps wholly dignified. But it might have been worse. Members of the house of commons have been known to vote in their shirt-sleeves before now, and there is a well-remembered case of a member who rushed into the lobby straight from his bath in order to be in the house before the bell stopped.

He had a blanket round him, it is true, but his appearance was hardly in keeping with the majesty of the parliament, and it is said to have been missed his vote after all.—St. James's Gazette.

Want An Eight-hour Law.

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A STRANGE CASE.

Demented Musician Recovers Her Reason After Hearing Popular Airs Rendered By Another.

Denver, Sept. 6.—Miss Elizabeth Danne, the demented musician, who, prior to her loss of reason, acquired fame on two continents, is on the road to recovery in the Arapahoe county hospital through the chance visit of a musician, who, in an adjoining room, rendered several airs from "The Bohemian Girl," from that time dated her recovery, and Thursday the talented young German cellist rendered the entire opera on her favorite instrument. The doctors are giving her case close scrutiny, as they can not understand why, after a year's incarceration, the spark of reason should be rekindled in such a strange manner.

SHIPBUILDING PLANT.

Within Thirty Days Work Will Have Commenced on the \$1,000,000 Establishment at Norfolk.

Norfolk, Va., Sept. 6.—Within the next 30 days work will have commenced on the water front of Norfolk harbor upon the erection of a million dollar shipbuilding plant, which will be owned jointly by the Trigg Co., of Richmond, a big shipbuilding firm of Philadelphia and another company of Bath, Me., which builds sailing vessels. The Trigg Co. will not move its entire plant to Norfolk on account of financial arrangements in Richmond. It will, however, give the Norfolk plant all of its docking work.

Russian Post Office in Jerusalem.

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SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

In 1890 there were 27 Christian Science reading-rooms; there are now over 300.

The whole British empire has only 124 Protestant bishops, of whom 33 are English, 7 Irish, 12 Scotch, 73 colonial.

England has 35,916 churches and 41,320 clergy. Ireland, however, has more churches than clergy, the numbers being 4,540 to 4,110.

The Baptist union of Wales has voted unanimously that it cannot join the National Free church union as long as that body arranges for united communion services.

Of the 35,920 churches in the United Kingdom, the Church of England has 14,570 and the Methodists 11,500. There are 820 Roman Catholic and 60 Jewish places of worship.

A school-teacher of Rochester, N. Y., boxed the ears of a pupil rather more severely than the mother of the lad thought best, according to the Post-Express. She sent the teacher this note: "Nature has provided a proper place for the punishment of a boy, and it is not his ear. I will thank you to use it hereafter."

A college for washerwomen has been opened in New York by the Charity Organization society. The course is 12 daily lessons, and the students receive 60 cents a day and luncheon. Instructors teach the nature of fabrics and the best methods of cleansing them and exercise a strict supervision until the pupil receives a certificate.

The roof garden at the Merritt building, Eighth avenue and Nineteenth street, New York, has been crowded every night since it was opened, July 1. The admittance is free, and religious meetings, with much music, are held every evening. Although the garden holds 1,500, the crowds were so great last week that hundreds had to be turned away.

Raymond Macdonald Alden, instructor in English in the University of Pennsylvania, has been appointed assistant professor of English in Stanford university. He was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and afterward a member of the Harvard graduate school. He is the author of a book, "The Art of Debate," and will have charge of the training of students in argumentation.

ILLEGAL MARRIAGES.

Fourteen Solemnized in English Churches Found to Be Void on Trivial Grounds.

It will come as a disagreeable shock to any surviving couples who were married in St. John's old church, Sleighs, in 1893, to learn that their marriages were not legal, says the London Daily Mail.

Such, however, is the startling fact, and the remark applies not only to this church but to 13 others, in all of which marriages have taken place, although they were not licensed for the purpose.

In order to legalize these unions, Lord Belper has brought forward a bill in parliament.

The chapelry of Ugglebarnby, in the York diocese, possesses three of these churches, two of which may be called the patriarchs of marriages. The church of the Ancient Chapelry of Ugglebarnby has had no license since the consecration. Its fellow-parish, St. John's old church, also in the York diocese, has had no license since 18 other of the trio is St. John's church, in which illegal marriages have only been performed since 18.

At Cadney-cum-Howsham, m have been illegally performed places—the parish room of and the chapel of Howsham.

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GARDSHIPS OF LITTLE WALDO.

I wish 'at I could go to work
Away in town somewhere,
Like my pa does, and have a chance
To stay all day down there,
And have some fun like other folks,
Instead of bein' here.
And lissenin' to ma yell out:
"I want you, Waldo, dear!"

I never go across the street
Or round the block to play
Without I hear her kollerin':
"Come in here, right away."
And when the Hudson boys come up,
As soon as I begin
To have a chance to bat she says:
"Now, Waldo, dear, come in!"

I can't pile up things in the yard
Because she comes and takes
One look and then holds up her hands
And hollers: "Mercy sakes!
Clean all that rubbish out of here,
My gracious, goodness me!"
I wish I'd be an orphan boy,
And then I guess she'd see.

She just goes round all day and tries
To think up every way
There ever was to never let
A boy get out to play:
Whatever I would rather do
She always tells me: "No!"—
I wish I'd die, and then I guess
That she'd be sorry, though.

I wish 'at I was big enough
To work down at the store
'Cause then, you know, a person's ma
Can't make him mind no more;
I'd like to go downtown with pa
Almost before daylight
And get a chance, sometimes, to stay
Till ten o'clock at night.

I wonder why a person's ma
Won't ever let you do
Or see or hear or say the things
You're always wantin' to?
She's always hollerin': "Come in
As quick as you can!"
I wish as soon as I was borned
That I'd 'a' been a man!
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD BLAKE," etc.

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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Mrs. Vane has a convert. Did you see Mrs. Ward's girl in the pew with her?" Mrs. Wilson asked, eagerly.

"Yes. Rather a neat, pretty girl, and seemed to know her place. Mrs. Ward told me the other day that she is well educated and—"

"It is no sort of use trying to do that sort of thing!" Mrs. Rice interrupted, with energy. "I tried that plan once in Whiteville, and it did no good at all. Servants as a class cannot be treated that way. They always take advantage of it."

"That's what I have always said," added Mrs. Burns. "Look at Mrs. Vane's girls. She changes as often as any of us, and has as much trouble. The girls don't want to be treated like that."

"And, if they do, it makes no difference with their real position. No one will really ask them into society; and, if they did, they would not know how to behave," Mrs. Wilson exclaimed.

"It does seem a pity, though," Mrs. Rice went on, "that girls like this one shouldn't be allowed to have a chance like other people. What is she with Mrs. Ward for if she is educated and all that?"

"O, she has some idea of helping solve the servant-girl problem," Mrs. Burns replied. "At least, Mrs. Ward told me something of that sort. She does not know all about the girl herself."

"It's a queer way to solve the question—to go out as a servant herself," said Mrs. Wilson, and the other two women said: "That's so!" Yet all three of these women had been brought up on the theology of the orthodox teaching of the atonement.

"Did you see Mr. Morton speaking to the Wards? He was just as polite to the girl as he was to anyone in the church."

"Of course; why not?" Mrs. Rice asked with a superior air. "But now imagine Mr. Morton or any other gentleman in Crawford really considering a servant as they consider other people, even the factory girls or the clerks at Bondman's."

"O well, of course, there is a difference."

"Of course," the other two women assented. But, after all, what constitutes the exact difference between honest labor of the hands in a factory or a store and in a home? If they are both service that humanity needs for its comfort or its progress, ought they not both to be judged by the standard of service, not by the standard of place where the service is rendered?

"I think Mrs. Ward will find out her mistake, and be ready to say so in a little while. If she is going to bring her girl to church with her, I don't see where she can stop short of taking her with her everywhere else; and of course society will not tolerate that," Mrs. Rice said after a pause.

"Of course not. The whole thing is absurd. The girls must keep their places. All such eccentric women like Mrs. Vane do more harm than good," Mrs. Burns declared with decision.

"I had given Mrs. Ward credit for more sense," Mrs. Wilson said, gravely. "But I must turn down here. Good-by."

"Good-by. Don't forget the committee meeting at my house to-morrow," cried Mrs. Rice, and very soon she parted from Mrs. Wilson, reminding her, as they separated, of the church-committee meeting later in the week.

The next morning after Mr. Ward had gone down to his business Mrs. Ward said to Barbara: "You remember Mr. Morton is coming to lunch with us to-day. Would you like to sit at the table with us?"

The color rushed into Barbara's face, and she did not answer at once. Then she said slowly: "No, Mrs. Ward. I know you when I came, if you

remember, that I never expected to sit with the family at meal-time. My place as a servant is to wait on the family then."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Ward, quietly. "I simply asked because I want you to understand that I am ready to help you. Of course, you are not like the other girls who have worked for us. I have no doubt you could be perfectly at your ease with Mr. Morton or anyone else in society." Mrs. Ward spoke with some womanly curiosity, for Barbara had not yet taken her into full confidence, and there was much in the girl's purpose and character that Mrs. Ward did not know.

"I suppose I could, probably," Barbara answered, demurely.

"Of course, you shut yourself out of the society of people in your own rank of life by choosing to be a servant," Mrs. Ward went on abruptly. "You know that as well as I do."

"Yes," replied Barbara, gravely. "You know well enough that if I had introduced you yesterday to all the people in Marble Square church, probably not one of them would ever have invited you to come and see them or even enter into any part of the church life."

"I suppose so," Barbara replied, flushing deeply. And then she said: "But I understand well enough that such conditions exist because in the majority of cases the girls who go out to service in Crawford would not care to be invited to the homes of the people in Marble Square church, and would feel very miserable and ill at ease if they should be invited into any such homes."

"That is what I have often said. The servant girls are in a distinct class by themselves. They are the least educated, the most indifferent to refining influences, of all the laboring classes."

"At the same time," Barbara began; but Mrs. Ward was called out of the room by some demand of Lewis, who was still posing more or less as an invalid although he was able to be about; and Barbara went on with her work, conscious that the dragon was, if anything, bigger and fiercer in some directions every day.

About noon the bell rang, and Barbara with a little heightening color in her face went to the door.

Mr. Morton greeted her as she opened the door saying: "Happy to meet you again, Miss Clark. A little pleasanter and not so hot as last week."

Barbara returned his greeting by saying: "Yes, sir," and took his hat, while he walked immediately into the sitting-room like a familiar guest. Mrs. Ward heard him from upstairs, and came down at once, while Barbara went into the kitchen.

During the meal Barbara could not avoid hearing part of the conversation. She had always remembered what her mother had often said about servants telling everything heard in the family talk and she had tried since coming to the Wards to train herself not to listen to what was being said, especially at the table when she was called in to stand and wait at the beginning or during the different courses.

But to-day in spite of herself she could not avoid hearing and knowing a part of the general conversation. She heard Mr. Ward good-naturedly asking Mr. Morton how long he expected to live in a hotel at Carlton.

"I'll warrant all the young ladies in Carlton have given him at least a barrel of slippers already," Mr. Ward said, looking at his wife.

"Will you give me the highest market price for all the slippers I possess so far?" Mr. Morton asked, with a smile. Mr. Ward was in the wholesale boot and shoe business.

"I don't know. I don't think I want to load up so heavily on slippers."

"I assure you it would not ruin you," Mr. Morton answered lightly.

"I think with Mrs. Ward, though, that you ought to be getting a home of your own," Mr. Ward was saying when Barbara came in with the dessert.

"My sister is coming up to Carlton to keep house for me if I stay there next year; I don't mind saying that the hotel is getting rather tiresome."

"If you stay? Why, are you thinking of leaving?"

"No, but I was hired for a year only," "Listen to the modest young preacher!" began Mr. Ward, with a smile. "Of course, Carlton will want you another year. If they don't, come down to the Marble Square church. There is a possibility of Dr. Law's leaving before Christmas. He is growing old and his health has failed rapidly of late."

Mr. Morton said nothing in answer to this, and when Barbara came in next time they were all talking of the college days when Alfred and Morton were together.

Barbara had eaten her own dinner and was at work again, clearing off the dinner dishes, so that, when Mr. Morton rose in the other room to go, she heard him exchanging farewells with the Wards and promising to come down again before long. He went out into the hall, and after a pause Barbara heard him say: "I don't find my hat. Possibly Miss Clark hung it up somewhere."

There appeared to be a search going on for the missing hat, and Barbara's face turned very red as she took some dishes out into the kitchen and on turning to come back saw the missing hat on a chair at the end of the table, where she had absent-mindedly carried it on Mr. Morton's arrival.

She recovered herself in a moment, and, taking up the hat, brought it into the hall, saying as she confronted the minister: "I plead guilty to absent-mindedness, Mr. Morton. I carried your hat out into the kitchen."

They all had a good laugh at Barbara's expense, in which she joined, and Mr. Morton removed the last of Barbara's confusion by speaking of his own absent-minded moments.

"The last time I had a lesson that ought to cure me," he said, smiling at Barbara frankly. "I left my sermon all neatly written on my desk in my room at the hotel, and brought with me into the pulpit several pages of blank foolscap paper that had been lying on the desk close by my sermon. I hadn't time to go or send back for the sermon, and was obliged to preach without notes except the few I could make at the time."

"O, well, absent-mindedness is one of the marks of genius," Mr. Ward remarked, laughing.

"We will comfort ourselves with that hope, then, won't we, Miss Clark? Good-by. Have enjoyed my visit very much."

Barbara went back to her work, blushing again over the little incident as she entered the kitchen, but grateful to the young man for the kindly, off-hand, but thoroughly gentlemanly manner in which he had treated it. It was a very little event, so little that it hardly seems worthy of mention, yet Barbara found her mind recurring to it several times during the day.

During some baking in the afternoon, Carl was an interested spectator and finally prevailed on Barbara to make him a gingerbread man. When she had cut it out and put some white dough on it for eyes, nose and mouth, and coat buttons, she suddenly remarked aloud, after Carl and she had both been silent some time: "He is a perfect gentleman, and that is more than can be said of some college-bred men."

"Is this a college-bred man, Barbara?" asked Carl, the terrible. "I thought it was a gingerbread man. You said you would make me a gingerbread man. I don't want a college-bred man."

"This is a gingerbread man," replied Barbara, hastily, as she turned to the oven and opened the door.

"Then who is the other man?" persisted Carl.

"O, never mind; I was thinking out loud."

"It isn't nice to do," remarked Carl, reflectively.

"I don't think it is, either," Barbara admitted.

"Then what makes you do it?" insisted Carl.

"I won't any more when you are around," promised Barbara with much positiveness. The child seemed satisfied with this statement; but, when Barbara at last took the gingerbread man out of the oven, Carl suddenly said: "Let's name him, Barbara."

"All right," said Barbara, pleasantly.

"You give a name," Carl suggested.

"Well, how about Carl?"

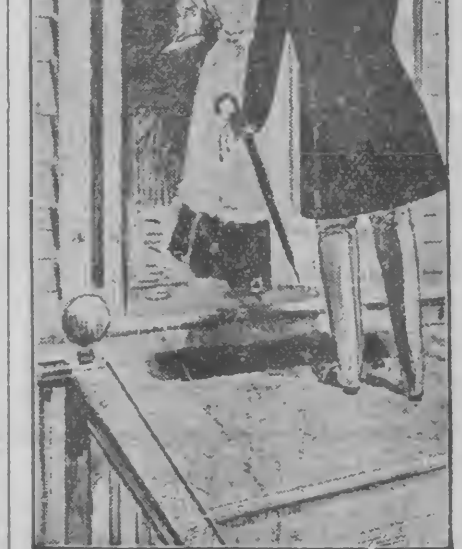
"No, I don't like that. Let's call him—let's call him Mr. Morton."

"Very well," replied Barbara, hurriedly. "Run right along with it. Your mamma is calling you, and I must finish my baking."

"Don't you think he looks like him?" Carl insisted as he grasped the figure by the feet, which in the process of baking had become ridiculously short and stubby, merging into the coat tails.

"No, I don't think it's a striking resemblance," said Barbara, laughing.

"Well, I do. I think he looks just like him. I like Mr. Morton, don't you?" But at that moment Mrs. Ward called Carl in the tone he always



MR. MORTON GREETED HER.

obeyed, and Barbara did not have to answer him.

She finished her work in a serious mood, and in the evening in the little room over the kitchen she at first sat down to meditate as her custom sometimes was. But, suddenly changing her mind, she opened her Bible to seek out another of the passages that referred to the servant or to service, and after several unsuccessful attempts to locate a verse that she thought was in Thessalonians, she found the passage in Ephesians, sixth chapter, fifth verse.

"Servants, be obedient unto them that according to the flesh are your masters, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not in the way of eye-service as men please; but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as unto the Lord and not unto men; knowing that whatsoever good thing each one doeth, the same shall he receive again from the Lord, whether he be bond or free. And ye, masters, do the same things unto them, and forbear threatening; knowing that both their Master and yours is in Heaven, and there is no respect of persons with Him."

"I wonder just what those words mean," Barbara thought. "And ye, masters, do the same things unto them? Of course, they could not change places as master and slave. It must mean a mutual honesty and justice and Christlikeness in their relations to one another." And then

she gained great comfort from the last verse. "And there is no respect of persons with Him."

"My Father in Heaven," she prayed. "I have chosen my work, or Thou hast chosen it for me. Just what its crosses may be, I do not yet know. Whatever I shall be called upon to lose, Thou knowest. But in and through all, sustain me with this loving thought: 'There is no respect of persons' with Thee, Thou who dost respect the service of men, and not their outward station. Sustain me by Thy name, in Christ's name. Amen."

When Thursday afternoon of that week came, Barbara remembered her promise to Mrs. Vane; and, when she went out, as it was her regular afternoon off, she told Mrs. Ward that she was going to call on Mrs. Vane.

"You will find her a very interesting woman. I don't know how much she can do to help your ideas. She is eccentric. But in any case you will find her interesting," Mrs. Ward ventured to say.

"I am sure she is," said Barbara.

"If she asks you to stay to supper you needn't come back to get your I'll manage somehow," Mrs. Ward spoke kindly, and Barbara was on the point of thanking her and accepting the permission, when she noted Mrs. Ward's pale face and nervous manner. She had been suffering all the morning from one of her wretched headaches.

"Thank you," replied Barbara, quietly; "but I prefer not to. I'll be back in time to get supper."

"Do just as you please," Mrs. Ward replied, but Barbara detected a look of relief on her tired face as she went out.

[To Be Continued.]

BISMARCK AND SCHLOEZER.

How the Latter Outwitted the Iron Chancellor and Became Minister to the United States.

F. Max Muller tells a story in his Autobiography, published by the Scribners, that has a special interest for Americans. It is about Karl de Schloezer, whom he met at Paris and who afterward was minister to the United States.

"He entered the Prussian diplomatic service," writes Prof. Muller, "and was the protégé of the princess of Prussia, afterward the empress of Germany. That was enough to make Bismarck dislike him, and when Schloezer served as secretary of legation under Bismarck as ambassador at St. Petersburg, he committed the outrage of challenging his chief to a duel. Bismarck declined, nor would it, according to diplomatic etiquette, have been possible for him not to decline."

"Later on, however, Schloezer was placed on dispenibility, that is to say, he was politely dismissed. He had to pay a kind of farewell visit to Bismarck, who was then omnipotent. Being asked by Bismarck what he intended to do, and whether he could be of any service to him, Schloezer said very quietly: 'Yes, your excellency. I shall take to writing my memoirs, and you know that I have seen much in my time which many people will be interested to learn.'"

"Bismarck was quiet for a time, looking at some papers, and then remarked, quite unconcernedly: 'You would not care to go to the United States as minister?'"

"I am ready to go to-morrow," replied Schloezer, and having carried his point, having in fact outwitted Bismarck, he started at once for Washington.

Bismarck knew that Schloezer could wield a sharp pen, and there was a time when he was sensitive to such pen-pricks. They did not see much of each other afterward, but, owing to the protection of the empress, Schloezer was later accredited as Prussian envoy to the pope, and died too soon for his friends in beautiful Italy.

His Aim in Life.

People bother little boys, so! All the tourists to his island home used to ask this one: "What are you going to be, boy? what are you going to be?" and the boy impatiently replied at every interruption of his important undertakings: "I'm going to be a sailor and climb the masts."

Last summer he took an ocean voyage and was very seasick, and the third day his father asked: "What are you going to be, boy? what are you going to be?"

"I am not going to be a sailor and climb the masts," he replied. "I am going to be a soldier and shoot cannon."

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SPECIAL MAIL TRAIN.

An Effort to Catch the Southampton Mail Steamer at New York Saturday Morning.

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A STRANGE CASE.

Demented Musician Recovers Her Reason After Hearing Popular Airs Rendered By Another.

Denver, Sept. 6.—Miss Elizabeth Damm, the demented musician, who, prior to her loss of reason, acquired fame on two continents, is on the road to recovery in the Arapahoe county hospital through the chance visit of a musician, who, in an adjoining room, rendered several airs from "The Bohemian Girl," from that time dated her recovery, and Thursday the talented young German cellist rendered the entire opera on her favorite instrument. The doctors are giving her case close scrutiny, as they can not understand why, after a year's incarceration, the spark of reason should be rekindled in such a strange manner.

SHIPBUILDING PLANT.

Within Thirty Days Work Will Have Commenced on the \$1,000,000 Establishment at Norfolk.

Norfolk, Va., Sept. 6.—Within the next 30 days work will have commenced on the water front of Norfolk harbor upon the erection of a million dollar shipbuilding plant, which will be owned jointly by the Trigg Co., of Richmond, a big shipbuilding firm of Philadelphia and another company of Bath, Me., which builds sailing vessels. The Trigg Co. will not move its entire plant to Norfolk on account of financial arrangements in Richmond. It will, however, give the Norfolk plant all of its docking work.

Russian Post Office in Jerusalem.

Jerusalem, Sept. 6.—The new Russian post office was opened in Jerusalem Thursday with great public ceremony in the presence of members of the Russian consulate, Russian clergy, Russian residents and pilgrims.

Newspaper Censored.

London, Sept. 6.—"Russian newspapers are forbidden to refer to famine conditions in Russia," says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Daily Mail, "because hunger, typhus and scurvy have broken out in many districts and hundreds are dying daily."

Opposes Carnegie's Gift.

Sharon, Pa., Sept. 6.—An offer of Andrew Carnegie to place a pipe organ in the Central Presbyterian church at Newcastle is meeting with bitter opposition, and serious trouble in the congregation is threatened.

Want An Eight-floor Lav.

Milwaukee, Sept. 6.—The convention of the post office clerks adjourned Thursday night after adopting a report providing for an eight-hour bill. Next convention will be held at Kansas City, Mo.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

In 1890 there were 27 Christian Science reading-rooms; there are now over 300.

The whole British empire has only 124 Protestant bishops, of whom 32 are English, 7 Irish, 12 Scotch, 73 colonial.

England has 35,916 churches and 41,320 clergy. Ireland, however, has more churches than clergy, the numbers being 4,340 to 4,110.

The Baptist union of Wales has voted unanimously that it cannot join the National Free church union as long as that body arranges for united communion services.

Of the 35,920 churches in the United Kingdom, the Church of England has 14,370 and the Methodists 11,500. There are 820 Roman Catholic and 60 Jewish places of worship.

A school-teacher of Rochester, N. Y., boxed the ears of a pupil rather more severely than the mother of the lad thought best, according to the Post-Express. She sent the teacher this note: "Nature has provided a proper place for the punishment of a boy, and it is not his ear. I will thank you to use it hereafter."

A college for washerwomen has been opened in New York by the Charity Organization society. The course is 12 daily lessons, and the students receive 60 cents a day and luncheon. Instructors teach the nature of fabrics and the best methods of cleansing them and exercise a strict supervision until the pupil receives a certificate.

The roof garden at the Merritt building, Eighth avenue and Nineteenth street, New York, has been crowded every night since it was opened, July 1. The admittance is free, and religious meetings, with much music, are held every evening. Although the garden holds 1,500, the crowds were so great last week that hundreds had to be turned away.

Raymond MacDonald Alden, instructor in English in the University of Pennsylvania, has been appointed assistant professor of English in Stanford university. He was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and afterward a member of the Harvard graduate school. He is the author of a book, "The Art of Debate," and will have charge of the training of students in argumentation.

ILLEGAL MARRIAGES.

Fourteen Solemnized in English Churches Found to Be Void on Trivial Grounds.

It will come as a disagreeable shock to any surviving couples who were married in St. John's old church, Sleighs, in 1828, to learn that their marriages were not legal, says the London Daily Mail.

Such, however, is the startling fact, and the remark applies not only to this church but to 13 others, in all of which marriages have taken place, although they were not licensed for the purpose.

In order to legalize these unions, Lord Belper has brought forward a bill in parliament.

The chapelry of Uggelbarnby, in the York diocese, possesses three of these churches, two of which may be called the patriarchs of illegal marriages. The church of the Ancient Chapelry of Uggelbarnby has had no license since the date of its consecration. Its fellow-patriarch, St. John's old church, also in the chapelry, has had no license since 1827. The other of the trio is St. John's new church, in which illegal marriages have only been performed since 1895.

At Cadney-cum-Howsham, marriages have been illegally performed in two places—the parish room of Cadney and the chapel of Howsham.

In the case of the parish church of Llansaintfridd Cwmtyddwr, of Cwmtyddwr, in the diocese of Radnor, it has been ironically suggested that it was deprived of its license in 1863 because a marriage certificate bearing the name of the church would have been too unwieldy.

The number of marriages which have taken place in the 14 churches cannot easily be discovered, but some idea of the number may be gathered from the fact that at St. Andrew's church, Dalton-le-Dale, between 300 and 400 have been solemnized.

The other churches are New Basford church; Christchurch, Bradford; church of the new parish of the Lodge, Salop; St. Helen's church, Ore; St. Saviour's Ringley; St. John's, Ipswich; St. Peter's, Woodmansey.

In addition to these, the church of St. Mary, Greenhithe, has been used as the parish church of the residents of the two training ships lying off Greenhithe. Before October 17, 1899, these residents did not belong to the parish. The banns published and marriages solemnized before that date are legalized by Lord Belper's bill.

Clause three of the bill freely forgives all the ministers concerned, and absolves them from any penalties incurred by them in connection with these marriages.

Not Popular with the Small Boy. Small Girl—What do you think about men and boys wearing girls' shirt waists, anyway?

Small Boy (in his sister's bloomers and shirt waist, savagely)—I don't like it! It was bad enough when we boys had to wear our big brother's old clothes, but I kick at having to wear out my sister's old things, too.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Mismomer.

Mrs. Noozy—I think it's the most ludicrous thing to call that man in the bank a "teller."

Mrs. Chumm—Why? "Because they simply won't tell at all. I asked one to-day how much my husband had on deposit there, and he just laughed."—Philadelphia Press.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

SWIFT CHAMP, EDITOR AND OWNER.

Attempted Assassination of the President.

The attempted assassination of President McKinley by a self-confessed anarchist has stirred the world. From every nation on earth has come messages of sympathy and hope. The latest advices from the bedside of the President are that he has splendid chances to recover. The magnitude of the act of the despicable wretch who fired the shots are, however, not lessened in the least by the President's condition. The duties of the American people are now plain. Stamp out anarchism in this country once and forever.

Patterson, New Jersey, has long been known to be a nest hole of this vermin. The laws of New Jersey do not seem to be adequate for their control or expulsion. The United States Government should take the matter in hand and if necessary wipe the town of Patterson off the map.

Emma Goldman, the female leader of the anarchist band, whose lectures and teachings are said to have inspired the wretch to assassinate McKinley, should not be tolerated in this country any longer. Taking advantage of the protection given by the men of this country to her sex she has preached into the shallow minds of these murderous fiends the doctrines of anarchy and murder. Her sex should be no bar to her punishment. The American people are too easy. They should rise en masse and demand the extradition of every anarchist to the country from which he came, and see to it that none ever set foot on our shores again.

Rot.

We regret that through a misunderstanding of a remark made by Hon. Caleb Powers in regard to a settlement of money matters, Mr. Jas. B. Howard became involved in a difficulty with Mr. Powers Wednesday evening, in which he struck Powers with an ink bottle. While a painful injury, it is not serious. We are glad to say that the affair was at once explained and friendly relations resumed between these gentlemen.—Frankfort Roundabout.

Of all the silly rot that was ever published in a newspaper the above takes the cake. The next thing we will be reading about the Honorable Gentleman Mr. Chol goz.

PARIS was enveloped in a great cloud of thick, gray smoke yesterday afternoon and for several hours last night. Though the day, for the most part, was practically cloudless, the sun after 1 p. m., was either entirely obscured from view or else shown but dimly through the smoke laden air.

The generally accepted idea of the cause of it was that large forest fires were raging throughout the mountain counties.

The Apples That Eve Ate.

A FARMER living near Flat Rock precinct has an apple tree on his place which is bearing an unusually large crop this season. The fruit is of an exceptionally good eating variety, but every apple is marked with a very peculiar formation. On the right side of each apple as it hangs on the tree is a small depression as though a piece had been bitten out of it, even the marks of the teeth showing. The owner of the tree brought a peek of them to town on court day, and they are all marked the same, and he says every apple on the tree bears a similar mark. The farmer claims the tree is a direct descendant of the one in the garden of Eden from which Eve plucked the apple which caused all the trouble. He says since he made the discovery the negroes working on his farm cannot be induced to go into his orchard at night, and will walk a mile out of their way to avoid going near it.

Who? George Who.

What? George Who's Minstrels.

When? Next Monday at the Grand.

THE FAIR.

WE ARE IN BUSINESS TO MAKE ALL THE MONEY WE CAN.

Honesty, a little here and a little there, spread so thinly over such a large surface that nobody minds it. And the better bargains we place in your way the oftener you'll come and the more money we'll make in the end. We make money by helping you to save money.

Next Friday you can confidently look for bargains in every department. Japanese trays, in assorted colors, popular \$2.50, 35c each; Japanese fans, about 3 feet high, largely used for decorating, 25c each; splasher mats, 5c each; wall pockets, 8c each; enameled steel plates, in pure white, 9c each; nickel plated stove lifters, 4c each; saw files, length 8 inches, 5c each; basting spoons, 2c each; nickel plated cork scowls, 5c each; imported oil stones, for sharpening razors, 9c each; enameled steel drinking mugs, pure white, 9c each; nickel plated nut crackers, 11c each; gold paint, with brush, 6c a bottle; large memorandum books, 2 for 5c; household window cleaners, with rubber, 5c each; mourning paper, in boxes, 35c grade, at 25c a box; poster pictures, size 11x14, copy-righted, in assorted subjects, 6c each; dish mops, worth 10c, now at 5c; Glenny's patent fruit jar tops, to fit Mason's jars, 10c per dozen; hand soap savers, 6c; tinware mender, 8c a box; Mrs. Pitt's nickel plated sad irons, 3 in a box, with stand, a set of 3 irons, (98c); meat forks, 4 prongs, extra heavy, 4c each; shoemaker's outfit, 45 cents per box; shoe booter, 34c per pound; riveting machines, for mending harness, etc., 25c each; rivets, 5c a box; wire cutting pliers, 10c per pair; embroidery hoops, 10c each; removers not advertised goods on sale after 5 p. m.

Buy wanted to deliver packages.

THE FAIR.

The manager of the Grand has secured for the patrons of house, one night only, Monday, Sept. 16, America's Representative Minstrel Organization, The Who What When Minstrels. This company has been received with the utmost enthusiasm by large houses in every city it has appeared in, and the press encomiums of the different cities visited have been of the highest order. The company has been selected with the greatest care, and every person connected with the company is a finished artist. The vocal contingent of the show is one of the many meritorious features, while in the olio can be found such famed stars as Weaver and Donna, Presto and Wardo, Geo Lambert, Hogan, Sherwood and Fox, Geo. Weaver, Hi Tom Ward, Nat Blossom, an array of artists never before seen in any one organization, and the amusement loving people of Paris surely have a rare treat in store for them.

PATRONIZE home industry and call for the Stoner cigar.

ANTISEPTALINE is guaranteed to prevent the teeth from decaying, relieve all sensitiveness, heal bleeding gums and make the breath pure and sweet. For sale by all druggists. (tf)

MILLERSBURG.

Mr. F. M. Ewing was the guest of Jno Hamilton last week.

Misses Lou Warford and Mary Armstrong will resume their positions at Hamilton College this week.

Miss Mary Carpenter returned from several weeks visit with Miss Mamie Conway in Cincinnati.

Mr. Chas Turner took 1st premium at Germantown on 2 year old saddle horse 1st in sweep stake saddle ring. Sanford Carpenter took premium on aged pair of horses at Maysville Fair. Mrs. Wm. Carpenter took one premium on fancy needle work.

Miss Maggie Davis, of Paris, was the guest of Myrtle Cray, from Saturday to Monday.

Miss Blanche Young, of Cynthiana, and Mr. Ed Brown formerly of this place now of Cynthiana, were married Saturday in Newport.

Dr. Warren Stitt, of Blacksville, Cal., was the guest of his cousin Mr. Harmon Stitt from Saturday to Monday.

Mrs. G. S. Allen went to Payne Depot Monday to visit her sister, Mrs. Romulus Payne.

Ora Long, Harry Best and James Calwell will attend college at Danville.

Miss Ida Barton Rogers is visiting her parents near town.

Mrs. Chas. Clarke is able to be out after several weeks illness.

For best apple vinegar made by E. P. Gamble call on Jones Bros. It

Mrs. Lou Warner, of Owingsville is the guest of daughter, Mrs. Ernest Gorham near town.

Mrs. Maude Throckmorton, of Cynthiana, is the guest of Miss Bettie F. Vimont.

Miss Edna Brown will teach Colville School; Miss Lizzie Brown the Thorn School; Miss Elsie Snapp the Purdy School.

R. L. and Will Wilson shipped a car of cattle and hogs Saturday to Cincinnati.

Mr. Ed. Hardy returned Friday from month's visit at Canton, Mo., with relatives.

Mr. W. P. Johnson, of State College of Lexington, will assist Prof. C. C. Fisher at the M. F. C.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ernnger, of Cincinnati, guests of T. E. Savage and family Sunday.

Misses Renaker, Mary Lydick and Miss Fitzwater, of Cynthiana guests of Mrs. Chas. Martin Sunday.

Mr. Arthur Stanard, of California, and Miss Emily Bass of Louisville, were guests of their aunts, Miss Ella and Judith Fleming.

Miss Eugene Wadell is much improved and able to be up.

Miss Lucy Harris, of Carlisle, is the guest of her cousin, Ben Howard and wife.

Dr. F. A. Herbert took a four-inch cob from the throat of Everett Thomason's mare.

James Peddicord returned to Windsor, Mo., Monday. His wife will remain several weeks.

Harry Eals, turnpike commissioner, is having new floor put in the bridges at Steel's Ford and Ed Layson's.

FOR LEASE.—A good mill property 4 sets of bars, good dam, engine of horse power, 3 strong buildings with graineries. Apply or write to

T. M. PURNELL.

Mrs. Rhoda Conway has returned from a visit to Mrs. Thomas Overby, at Paris.

Newt Current, agent for Jung Brewing Co., of Cincinnati, is putting in a fine bar and the latest improved beer cooler and refrigerator at the new hotel, which will start this week.

THE handsome new Presbyterian Church, in Winchester, will be formally dedicated on Sunday, September 15th. The church was built several years ago, but a debt rested on it when finished. This debt has been extinguished and the building will be dedicated wholly free from debt.

All Aboard For Des Moines.

By a decision in the police court at Des Moines, Ia., kissing and hugging may be indulged in the city parks.

Ask your druggist for



You Do, or You Don't Need Glasses :

The eye being a rather delicate organ, great care should be exercised in the election of proper glasses. Many believe that glasses should be restored to only when the sight becomes so defective as not to be able to do without. This is a great mistake which must be combatted. Whenever there is unmistakable evidence of the need of their aid, they should be used. A neglect of this rule sometimes produces mischief which results in serious trouble if the course be persisted in.

Our Dr. C. H. BOWEN having just returned from taking a special course in Optics from one of the best specialists in New York, is prepared to do the best of work, having the latest improved methods of fitting. Examinations free. Next visit Thursday, Sept. 12, 1901.

A. J. WINTERS & CO. JEWELERS. Hello, 170

SCHOOL COMMENCES

Soon and the little ones have to be shod. Remember we are selling

Shoes at One-third

The price of our competitors. We have them from 49 cents a pair up to better grades.

In Hosiery

We can not be beat, as we carry a full assortment all the time. Prices from 5 to 25 cents per pair.

We have

On our Remnant Counter some remnants that can be made into school dresses.

A Full

Line of Boys' and Misses' Underwear to select from to keep the little ones warm this winter.

G. L. HEYMAN.

AL. GREENBAUM, Manager.

Paris, - - - Kentucky.

Notice To The Public.

Buck Freeman, the up-to-date barber can always be found and will remain in his barber shop on Main street, ready to wait on you. Call and try his bath rooms. Everything at his shop is strictly first-class. (tf)

I HAVE one of the best established trades in the city from the simple fact that I run the best barber in town. Hot and cold baths always ready. CARL CRAWFORD.

For a good clean shave and an up-to-date hair cut call at Tom Crawford's new barber shop, located in the old post office stand. No long waits. (tf)

COAL.—Try our South Jellico Blue Gem or mixed coal, they are all good. Order your winter coal now. J. S. WILSON & BRO. 191y-tf

My agency insures against fire, wind and storm—best old, reliable prompt paying companies—non-union. W. O. HINTON, Agt.

Those famous little pills, Dr. Witt's Little Early Risers compel your liver and bowels to do their duty, thus giving you pure, rich blood to reanimate your body. Are easy to take. Never gripe. —W. T. Brooks.

Thos. W. Carter of Ashboro, N. C., had kidney trouble and Foley Kidney Cure effected a perfect cure, and he says there is no remedy that will compare with it.—Clarke & Kenney.

Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve should be promptly applied to cuts, burns and scalds. It soothes and quickly heals the injured part. There are worthless counterfeits, be sure to get Dr. Witt's. —W. T. Brooks.

Question Answered.

Yes August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. Your mothers and grandmothers never thought of using anything else for Indigestion or Biliousness. Doctors were scarce, and they seldom heard of Appendicitis, Nervous Prostration or Heart failure, etc. They used August Flower to clean out the system and stop fermentation of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nervous and organic action of the system, and that is all they took when feeling dull with headaches and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower, in liquid form, to make you satisfied that there is nothing serious the matter with you. Get Green's Prize Almanac.—W. T. Brooks

LOST—Between Cottontown bridge and Mr. Bruce Miller's on Georgetown pike, a ladies jacket, of light brown check with green changeable silk lining. Finder please leave at this office.

"A few months ago, food which I ate for breakfast would not remain on my stomach for half an hour. I used one bottle of your Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and can now eat my breakfast and other meals with a relish and my food is thoroughly digested. Nothing equals Kodol Dyspepsia Cure for stomach troubles."—H. S. Pitts, Arlington, Tex. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat.—W. T. Brooks.

"I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my present good health and my life. I was treated in vain by doctors for long trouble following grippe. I took One Minute Cough Cure and recovered my health." Mr. E. H. Wise, Madison, Ga.—W. T. Brooks.

Ask your dealer for a Stanger, 5 cent cigar, home made.

WHAT'S IN A HAT

Depends on who wears it. What amount of STYLE and GOOD APPEARANCE it has depends upon where you buy it. Its hardly necessary to say that we are RECOGNIZED HEADQUARTERS of Paris—that goes without saying.

A harvest of

: FALL HAT FANCIES :

Shown in our splendid display. Critical eyes of fashionable dressers are admiring the good taste displayed in our fall Style Hats. AUTUMN HATS, nobby and stylish from brim to crown. Every conceivable shape which fashion has accreed proper, at quick, good-bye prices.

FALL HAT FANCIES.

We sell a good hat for \$1.00.
A better one for \$2.00. - - -
Better still for \$3.00. - - -

And so on our hats climb the scale of merit step by step until the finest in the land is met at \$5.00, each grade is the best for the price—Derby, Fedora, Goff and Staple Shapes—all the new blocks and new shades.

Boys' and Children's Hats and Caps

In abundance and variety—the best in this city—and all at prices that are sure to please the most economical buyers.

PARKER & JAMES,

FOURTH & MAIN STS., PARIS, KY.

SHIRT SALE.

Five dozen Stiff Bosom Shirts, Worth \$1.00, at the Low Price of 75 cents. Sizes, 14 to 16 1-2.

HOWARD HATS

For Fall have arrived in all the Latest Shapes and Colors.

UMBRELLAS FOR LITTLE GIRLS AND LITTLE BOYS.

PRICE & CO., CLOTHIERS.

Low Rates to New York.

The B. & O. S. W. are selling tickets to New York and return at low rates, going via Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia; returning via Buffalo and Niagara Falls allowing one stop-over in each direction. For particulars address O. P. McCarty, General Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Colorado Excursions.

Tickets via the Queen & Crescent Route to Colorado and Utah points at reduced rates, account Summer Excursions. Ask ticket agents for particulars. W. C. Rineason, G. P. A., Cincinnati.

It is easier to keep well than get cured. Dr. Witt's Little Early Risers taken now and then, will always keep your bowels in perfect order. They never gripe but promote an easy gentle action.—W. T. Brooks.

Eczema and Skin Eruptions.

Remick's Eczema Cure and Remick's Pepsin Blood Tonic will cure the most blittimate case. At W. T. Brooks (tf)

To Cure A Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists found the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grow's signature on each box. 25c. (325-1yr)

You can never cure dyspepsia by dieting. What your body needs is plenty of good food properly digested. Then if your stomach will not digest it, Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will. It contains all of the natural digestants found in the stomach every class of food and so prepare it that nature can use it in no risk to the body and replacing the waste of the body thus giving life, health, strength, and pure blood and good healthy appetite.—W. T. Brooks.

THE BOURBON NEWS

(Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.)

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:
(Payable in Advance.)

ONE YEAR...\$2.00 | SIX MONTHS...\$1.00

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of SWIFT CHAMP.

CALL for the Stoner. 3wks

TALK to T. Porter Smith about fire insurance.

See that you get a Stoner when you call for it. Home made.

WANTED.—One hundred thousand bushels of bluegrass seed.
E. F. SPEARS & SONS.

MR. A. L. FERGUSON, formerly of this city, is the Democratic nominee for Mayor of Georgetown.

The country schools have nearly all opened. The adoption of books made August 5th has been reaffirmed.

L. B. CONWAY & Co. have just received a large shipment of ready-to-wear hats. Call and inspect them. It

MASTER JOB MITCHELL, son of Mr. Newton Mitchell, met with an accident last Friday, by falling out of a tree and dislocating his right shoulder.

When in need of anything in the grocery line call on Fred McDermott, corner of Tenth and Main. His stock is fresh, clean and up to date.

AN Italian baker who was walking the railroad tracks between Carlisle and Millersburg yesterday morning, was set upon by negro highwayman and robbed of \$9.55 and his clothes.

EVERYTHING in the grocery line will be kept in stock by Fred McDermott at his new store, corner Tenth and Main. Stock bran new, and up to date.

ON account of a Jewish Holiday (New Year) Price & Co. will be closed Saturday, September 14, and will open that evening at 6 o'clock.

NICE, fresh, clean stock of groceries at Fred McDermott's new place of business, corner of Tenth and Main. Every one is invited to call and inspect the stock.

TALK to T. Porter Smith about fire insurance.

THE Spooner Dramatic Company which played a week's engagement in Frankfort last week, spent Sunday afternoon and night in the city, en route to Maysville, where they play this week.

In all the churches in Paris Sunday prayers were offered for the recovery of the President, and each pastor referred to his sermon to the dastardly crime which had been committed.

SEE those swell \$4 "KORREOT SHAPE" Shoes. Ask the up-to-now dresser about them. New York's latest approved Fall Styles Just Arrived.

GEORGE MCWILLIAMS, Sole Agent.

(1c) The Didlake store room, corner of Tenth and Main, has been thoroughly refitted and stocked with a large and fresh stock of groceries. Fred McDermott is the genial proprietor and will welcome all his old friends as well as new ones.

Seat will be on sale next Friday for the Who What When Minstrels that will be seen at the Opera House next Monday night. The company comes with the prestige of being America's representative minstrel organization. Watch for the street parade at 11:30 a. m.

An entertainment will be given Friday evening, September 13th, at the home of Mrs. R. M. Harris, for the benefit of the Juvenile Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. Refreshments will be served. Admission fifteen cents. A good time expected. Everybody cordially invited.

In Judge Smith's court Albert Reed was tried on the charge of pointing a deadly weapon. On motion of the County Attorney he was released on payment of the costs.

Joseph McAfee for a breach of the peace by beating his wife was given a ten day jail sentence and fined \$19.

Auctioneers' engagements: Sept. 12, Mrs. Mary Whaley, Bath Co. —Stock and Farm Implements; Sept. 14, J. C. C. Mayo's sale of the old Ingels residence and lots; Sept. 21, Jos. A. Grimes' ex'rs.—live stock and crop; Sept. 26, W. L. Lucas—residence, building lots and household furniture; Oct. 1, S. H. Lucas—farms.

WANTED.—Several persons of character and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise our established wealthy business houses of real financial standing. Salary \$15 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash. Send resumes direct from head offices. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed envelope. Manager, 315 Canton Building, Chicago.

Elks Purchase a Home Site.

On last Friday Paris lodge of Elks purchased from the Stevens heirs what is known as the Stevens property on the corner of Main and North Broadway. The purchase price was \$7,500. They will immediately proceed to erect a handsome four-story building which will be a credit to the city. The calculations at present are to have two storerooms on the ground floor, one facing on Main and the other on Broadway. The second floor will be devoted to offices, the third to magnificent club and reception rooms, and the fourth to one of the finest lodge rooms in the State. The lodge room will be fitted up with magnificent Elk furniture, and will have a hard wood floor suitable for dancing.

The greater part of the funds necessary for the building and furnishing of the house have already been subscribed, and the lodge expects to dedicate their new quarters free of all debt.

Serious Accident.

Rev. J. Q. A. Vaught, formerly Presiding Elder of this district, while driving to Carlisle yesterday morning, his horse took fright and ran away. Rev. Vaught was thrown out of the buggy, receiving serious injuries, his throat being cut on both sides necessitating several stitches and his breast badly bruised. At last reports his condition was considered critical. A Mr. Alexander who was riding with him had his arm broken.

Fatal Runaway Accident.

While driving home Sunday evening from Maysville the horse attached to a buggy in which Mrs. James S. Pogue, of Mayslick, and her sister, Miss Lottie Culver, were riding, became frightened and ran away, throwing both the women out of the buggy. Mrs. Pogue struck a stone and died within a few hours, and Miss Culver had one knee crushed and was seriously injured.

TALK to T. Porter Smith about fire insurance.

The Christian Endeavor

At the State Convention at Cynthiana, Tuesday, October 3, will be Christian Endeavor Day. Mr. R. H. Crossfield, the noted Owensboro preacher, orator, lecturer and author, will be the speaker of the evening. They will discuss "Christian Endeavorers' Greatest Need in Kentucky."

FRED McDERMOTT, one of the most popular young men in Paris, yesterday morning opened up a new grocery in the Didlake building, corner Tenth and Main. There is no doubt but Fred will soon build up a splendid trade.

He Would Be Safe Here Forever.

Several young men of this city Saturday sent the following telegram to Mr. Cortelyou, Private Secretary to the President:

PARIS, Ky., Sept. 7, 1901.
To MR. CORTELYOU,
Private Secretary to the President.
Send the assassin to Paris, Ky., for safe keeping.

WANTED.—A good white girl or neat and reliable colored girl for nurse. White girl can sleep at house and will be given nice room. For name of party apply at this office.

To New York via The Pan-American.

The trip may be made over the Akron Route at reduced fares. For details address C. H. Hagerty, D. P. Agt., Louisville, Ky.

On next Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Mr. J. C. C. Mayo will offer at public auction the Ingels property on Upper Main Street one of the most desirable pieces of property ever offered at public auction in Paris. It will be offered as a whole and in lots. Plats of the property can be secured at the office of Allis & Ingels. Terms of the sale are one-fourth in hand, balance in one, two and three years.

SMOKE the STONER. 3wks

The Western Union issued the following bulletin of the President's condition at 3 p. m. yesterday:

"The President's condition steadily improves, and he is comfortable and without pain. No unfavorable symptoms. Bowel and kidney functions normally performed. Pulse 113, temperature 101, respiration 26."

MR. ARTHUR L. CALVERT, the efficient business manager of the Lexington Morning Democrat, has resigned his position on that paper, to take effect October 1st. He will go to Cincinnati to assume the same position on the Commercial-Tribune. Mr. Calvert is thoroughly familiar with all the details of newspaper work, and it is to be regretted that he is to sever his connection with the Democrat. He married Miss Ida Hildreth, formerly of this county.

WANTED.—A good cook & housemaid. Splendid chance for the right parties. Apply at News office for name of party.

In a game of basketball Kiserston, this county, Sunday, a Paris team defeated the Kiserston team by a score of 26 to 1. Mercy!

THE MOVING THROG.

Notes About Our Guests, Arrivals and Departures—Society's Doings.

—Rev. Argabrite visited in Lexington yesterday.

—Irvine Keller was a visitor in Lexington on Saturday.

—Luneford Talbott attended Carlisle court yesterday.

—Mr. E. O. Fretwell left Saturday for Olympian Springs.

—Mr. Ed. Brown left yesterday for a visit to Louisville.

—Mrs. Thompson Tarr was a visitor in Cincinnati yesterday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Brice Steele were in Cincinnati yesterday.

—Rev. Father Burke was a visitor in Cincinnati yesterday.

—Dr. Landman the oculist, will be at the Windsor Hotel to-day.

—Miss Amanda Yerkes will go to Holms, Va., to attend school.

—Dr. F. L. Lapsley went to Louisville Saturday on a business trip.

—Willie Cory, son of John Cory, of Vine street, has the diphtheria.

—Mrs. Annie Irwin, of Louisville, is the guest of Mrs. F. J. Cheek.

—Mr. M. Krout, of Cincinnati, visited his sister, Mrs. Gus Fee, on Sunday.

—Willard Hutchison, of Lexington, was the guest of his mother on Sunday.

—Mrs. Henry Spears went to Lexington Saturday on a visit to friends.

—Mrs. J. J. Fretwell left Saturday for a visit to friends in Huntington, W. Va.

—Miss Lucy Mann left yesterday for Shelbyville, to attend school at Science Hill.

—Croxtton Rion left yesterday for Louisville where he will attend Dental College.

—Mrs. John C. Clay and Miss Edna Turney will spend the day in Lexington, to-day.

—R. P. Dow, Jr., is on a business trip to Pineville and other mountain towns this week.

—Mr. Homer Morris and family of Ohio, are guests of W. W. Shropshire in the county.

—Mrs. McLaughlin and Miss Mary McLaughlin, of Lexington, are visiting friends in Paris.

—H. L. Terrill and wife left yesterday for a month's visit to Mr. Terrill's parents at Orange, Va.

—Messrs. John C. Wood, Ben Hall and Robert H. Winn, of Mt. Sterling, were in the city yesterday.

—Rev. Dr. E. H. Rutherford and wife returned home on Saturday from their stay in Michigan.

—Charles Erringer and wife, of Cincinnati, are the guests of Mrs. W. J. Ranson on South Main street.

—Mrs. A. H. Hamilton, who has been visiting Mr. J. A. Stern, left for her home in Bellevue, Sunday.

—Miss Mary Burbridge, left yesterday morning for Columbus and the Pan-American Exposition.

—Mrs. James McClure was called to Winchester on Saturday, to the bedside of her father who is quite ill.

—Mrs. J. W. Harmon and Mrs. Ed. Turner left Sunday morning for Cleveland and the Buffalo Exposition.

—Judge-Editor J. D. Wyatt, of the Ewing Enquirer, was in the city yesterday and paid the News office a call.

—W. K. Massie and wife have returned to their home in Lexington after a month's pleasant sojourn at Cape May.

—Garrett M. Davis, formerly of this city, but now of Washington, D. C., is here on a visit to his many old friends.

—Mrs. P. A. Brady, of Chicago, who is the guest of friends in Paris, is expected here this week for a short visit.—Lexington Democrat.

—Mrs. J. A. Bradley, of Chicago, who has been visiting in Paris, Ky., will be the guest of friends here this week.—Lexington Herald.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Orr, who have been here for several months, left yesterday for Cincinnati, where they will make their future home.

—Letters from Dr. Silas Evans and Mr. John Davis, who are in Canada, report a pleasant trip and that their party is all in good trim for hunting all sorts of game.

—Mr. Gus Thompson, manager of the "Who, What, When," Minstrels, is in the city looking after the interests of his company which exhibits here next Monday.

—Thos. Helm Clay left Sunday morning for Colorado Springs, Col., to accompany Miss Iva Collins home. Miss Collins took sick while visiting friends in Colorado.

—Dr. Warren Stitt, of California, who has been the guest of his cousin, Mr. Bruce Miller, left yesterday for New York, Washington and other Eastern cities.

—Lucien Buck, Offutt Boardman, Clay Sutherland, Charlie Pithian, Rick Thomas, James Clay and Clarence Conway, of this city, are attending school at the Military Institute at Millersburg.

—Miss Edgar, who has been spending some time in the mountains of Virginia, arrived yesterday to visit his sister, Mrs. Dr. J. T. Vansant, for a week, when he will go to Tennessee. Mr. Vansant will teach.

—Miss Marsh, of Paris, and Miss Noble of Carlisle are coming next week to resume their studies at State College. Robert Ferguson and wife returned from a visit to relatives in Paris.—Lexington Leader.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bean, Jr., gave a delightful euchre Thursday evening in honor of their charming guests, Miss Willie Hadden, of New York City, and Miss Sadie Roe Powell, of Louisville. The house was beautifully decorated with growing plants and cut flowers. Mr. J. M. Brennan and Mr. J. W. Bacon assisted the young ladies in receiving the guests. After playing twenty-three games Miss Anna Lee Talbott, having won the highest number among the ladies was awarded first prize, a beautiful gold pen tray and paper knife. Mr. Brennan secured the gentleman's prize a handsome Egyptian head tobacco receiver. Miss Mary Best Tarr and Mr. Clarence Thomas were awarded the booby prize. An elegant lunch was served after the game. Those present were: Misses Sallie Joe Hedges, Frances Johnson, Sadie Hart, Mary Talbott, Anna Lee Talbott, Lucy Downey, Mary Best Tarr, Gertrude Renick, Martha Clay, Sithey Kern, Mary Webb Gass and Calla Thomas; Messrs. J. M. Brennan, N. Ford Brent, Edward Tucker, Wm. Hinton, Jr., Oakford Hinton, Robert Hinton, John Miller Stephens, Dr. M. H. Dailey, Clarence Thomas, John Spears, Dan Morris, Buckner Woodford, Jr., Frank Bowlen, and Mr. Kern and Mr. Ray, of St. Louis, and J. W. Bacon. Miss Carrie White Bean kept the score of games.

FARM FOR SALE.

One hundred and fifty acres in high state of cultivation; extra well fenced; and everlasting watered, good and all necessary outbuildings, new tobacco barn and tenant house, with comfortable dwelling, an abundance of all kinds of fruit just beginning to bear; farm immediately on Gano & Hill turnpike, convenient to schools, depot and post-office and a good neighborhood. Apply to A. T. FORSYTH, Paris, Ky. 10sept-4f

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

BOURBON COUNTY FARM.

Will offer for sale publicly on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1901,

At the Court House door in Paris, County Court day, a farm of 200 acres of land in good state of cultivation, well watered, and fronting on the Gano & Hill and the Newtown & Leesburg turnpikes, with two tenant houses, tobacco barn, stable and other outbuildings, twenty acres of bluegrass sod. Will be offered in two tracts, 125 and 75 acres respectively.

Sale to take place at 12 o'clock sharp. Call on or address

S. HARDIN LUCAS, Newtown, Ky.
A. T. FORSYTH, Auc'r.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

Stock, Crop, Etc.

On

SATURDAY, SEPT. 21st, 1901,

As Executors of Joseph A. Grimes, deceased, we will sell on the above named date at 10 o'clock, at his late residence, near Millersburg:

4 horses;
3 milch cows;
9 young cows;
8 calves;
1 mule;
9 acres corn;
5 tons hay, etc.

TERMS.—Three months credit with interest on approved paper.

Purchaser has option of paying cash. GRIMES & TALBOTT, Exec'rs J. A. Grimes, dec'd.
A. T. FORSYTH, Auc'r. 10sept4t

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

RESIDENCE and Personal Property.

Owing to business engagements elsewhere, I will sell publicly on

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26th, 1901,

at 1 o'clock p. m., on the premises, my residence situated on corner of Houston and Mt. Airy Avenue in the City of Paris.

It will be offered in parcels and then as a whole.

At the same time will sell my household and kitchen furniture, including a Steinway piano in good condition; also, one extra Jersey milk cow.

Parties desiring to examine the property will call at the premises at any time before the sale.

Terms easy and made known on day of sale.

For further information call on Mrs. Yerkes on the premises, or Buckner Woodford at the Bourbon Bank.

W. L. YERKES.
A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

G. TUCKER

Now Ready For Fall Business.

During the past three months I have closed out all my summer stock and also all the goods I carried over from last fall and winter at cost. Now I commence this fall's business with a new, bright and up-to-date stock for FALL AND WINTER. My low prices in the past have made me a trade second to none in the city. This fall will be no exception. I offer you the very best goods at the lowest prices possible. We are now showing all the new weaves in Black and Colored Dress Goods, Double Faced Goods for Skirts Without Lining, Heavy Black Serges, Boucles, Zobelines, Prunellas, &c.

New line of Furs just from the manufacturer.

Cloaks arriving on every train. Remember there is a decided change in the cloaks this season.

See us before making your fall purchases. If you wish to save money come to us.

G. Tucker.

'Phone 297.

529 Main Street.

WHEN YOU WANT

Anything for the table, write it down and send are telephone your order to me. You will be sure of ONE THING, you will get the VERY BEST of what you order. There is nothing questionable in the quality of the goods that comes from HOWE'S. Every brand of goods we sell is the best of

THE KIND WE CAN FIND,

And we make the price as low as possible. Everything here is clean from floor to ceiling. We have to-day to tempt the appetite: Fine Michigan Celery, 25c a doz.; Cucumbers, 25c a doz.; New String Beans, 40c a pk.; Cabbage, 5c a hd.; New Jersey Sweet Potatoes, 50c a pk. Fruits—Bananas, Peaches, Niagara and Concord Grapes. Another fresh line of Lowney's Chocolates just received. We are headquarters for fine candies. Anything that comes from Howe's is right, if it ain't he'll make it right.

J. R. HOWE.

'Phone 11.

Successor to Dow & Spears

FRANK & CO.,

Leaders of Style and Fashion.

FALL AND WINTER.

You are cordially invited to call and inspect our new stock which is complete in every detail and comprises all goods, both in Piece and Ready-to-Wear Garments, usually found in a first-class dry goods store.

Inspection Invited. 'Phone 175.

Frank & Co.,

404 Main Street,
PARIS, KY.

The Bourbon News.

SWIFT CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS, KENTUCKY.

DARKNESS AND DAWN.

As seamen from a distant land
Lean silent on a vessel's side,
Shading their eyes with sunburnt hand
As slowly drifting with the tide.

Turn soft-eyed as they dimly trace
The smoke rise from the roofs of home,
Whilst sheer across the ocean waste
The sinking sun lit up the foam:

When dropped the dark, uprose the breeze,
And they their fitful duties piled;
When morning dawned, the curling seas
Had rolled them to the harbor-side;

So, oft in life a vision falls,
Dream-born, athwart the ways of men,
Of summer lands and golden halls
Transcendent in their beauty—then

Falls down the dark of mind distress;
Yet vaguely trust they in the hope
That, through the doom of darkness blest,
They with their own will may cope:

When tomorrow's dawning comes, they find
All golden is the land around.
Darkness has fallen; but night's wind
Wafted them to their dreamland's ground.
—Robert W. Butters, in Chambers' Journal.

The Wall Street Panic.

By Frederick Upham Adams.

Frederick Upham Adams has given to the world in his "The Kidnapped Millionaire," published by the Lothrop company, Boston, one of those stories that both please and instruct, and yet which seldom rise to the point where they are classed as great literary productions. The story is laid about Wall street and hinges upon the panic of a few weeks ago. For characters the author has selected Wall street millionaires, newspaper editors and reporters, sailors, and a pretty girl. One of the younger generations of millionaires is suffering from a mild form of dementia, and while in this condition catches other influential financiers aboard his yacht and then carries them captive to a point on the coast of Mexico from which they cannot escape. The remainder of the story is woven about the efforts of a New York newspaper to find these captive millionaires and their final return. The book is interesting not so much because of the plot, but because of the clear insight the author gives his readers of the business methods of Wall street. In this he thoroughly understands his subject, and handles it with a vivid description that carries with it both interest and instruction to the lay reader. We reproduce below, with the permission of the publishers, the chapter in the volume descriptive of the scenes on the New York stock exchange during the day of the recent panic there:

WHAT happened on this famous Tuesday has been lightly touched on in the opening chapter of this history. The morning papers had devoted considerable space to the "bear flurry" in Wall street. There were guarded allusions to the coup performed by Mr. Kent, who had conducted his operations with little attempt to disguise his attitude. His profits were variously estimated at from \$750,000 to \$3,000,000, and it was strongly intimated that he would live to regret the unwarranted scare he had precipitated. The Record had an illustration proving that if Mr. Kent's winnings were in \$1 bills they would make a package three times the height of the Eiffel tower, and that it would take two express cars to hold them.

This pleased the public, and reconciled them to the losses which had been sustained by the small speculators.

On the preceding evening the excitement on the Stock exchange had been transferred to the big hotels and fashionable cafes uptown. The more important speculators made the circuit of the hotels and clubs in search of the financial giants of Wall street. Such as were interviewed professed utter ignorance of the cause of the decline. Mr. Kent was not to be found at any of the places he was wont to frequent and several anxious followers called up his residence by telephone, but were told that he had not yet arrived. Mr. Morton did not make his usual appearance at his favorite club. The morrow was anticipated with dread by those who had trailed in on the much-heralded boom.

On the following Tuesday morning London ignored the New York break in prices and opened strong. Chicago and the speculative west looked on its splendid crops and telegraphed buying orders in generous volume. The galleries around the trading floor of the exchange were crowded with the sight-seers who are always in force when the market is excited. The hand on the big clock slowly approached the hour of ten. The thousand or more brokers gravitated towards the various standards which bore the names of the important trading stocks.

Did you ever make the experiment with iron filings and a magnet? Place such filings on a sheet of paper and pass a magnet under the paper. The tiny bits of metal will mass themselves in peculiar and irregular figures. As the magnet moves, kaleidoscopic changes will be effected. Individual filings will detach themselves from one mass and fly to another.

Such was the scene on the floor of the New York Stock exchange. The great gong sounded. The murmur became as the roar of a freight train as it dashes past the echoing walls of a station. At the signal of the gong a thousand well-dressed men became maniacs. Their faces grew purple. Madness glared from their eyes. They assailed one another. In their demoniac fury coats were ripped from shoulders, hats crushed, and scarfs torn into shreds. With waving arms and extended fingers, with voices rasping shrill, vibrant, hoarse, thunderous, menacing, incoherent—it was the incarnation of riot, the sublimated essence of disorder. At times a man would be seen fighting his way out of

one of these human whirlpools. He would clutch men by the throats. They would not know it nor care for it. He would jam his elbows into their sides, and after a struggle seemingly hopeless, would escape from the surging mass with eyes bulging and face bruised in the conflict. You may search the world-scattered tribes of aborigines and you cannot approximate a scene equal to this in savagery. The thin veneer of civilization is melted in the heat of lust.

In a thousand offices men pale with excitement hang over the tickers, or follow with nervous glance the boy as he records the quotations on the bulletin board. The loungers above are in repose. The attempted jest of the wit is received with mirthless laughter. The affected nonchalance of the loser deceives not even himself. The joy of the winner is savage in its grim selfishness. Such are the cataclysms of Wall street—a crypt swept by the winds of the worst human passions, and relieved by hardly a spot where sympathy can find a resting place. In a hundred cities and towns, restless eyes follow the moves as they are made on the great gambling board. From countless sources money is absorbed and attracted to this common center, to swell the profits of the magnate or pay the expenses of the commission brokers.

The market opened strong and at a slight advance in spite of large offerings of stock by Kent brokers and from Street & Rogers—acting for their unknown principals—the market held its own the first half hour. It was at this time that vague and portentous rumors were circulated on the floor, and whispered over telephones. These rumors were greeted with general incredulity, but the effect on the market was apparent from the time the first suspicion was breathed. London, Chicago and other speculative centers continued buying and selling, unconscious of the shadow which was now darkening the street.

The storm broke at 11 o'clock. The yellow slips distributed by a news agency contained the following paragraph in double-leaded type:

"11:05 a. m. Andrus Carmody, Palmer J. Morton, R. J. Kent and Simon Pence cannot be found. They were last seen in Mr. Morton's office about four o'clock yesterday afternoon. Their relatives know nothing of their whereabouts. The police and detective force have been notified."

A message of similar purport was recorded on the tape.

Any description of the scenes which followed on the floor of the Stock exchange would be deemed exaggeration by those who have never seen a speculative panic sweep all before it. The tempest was loosed. Before its fury the sturdy financial oaks bent in the blast. The puny speculative saplings were uprooted and borne away on the wings of the cyclone. Stead old men who had not been seen on the floor of the exchange for months rushed hatless through the streets and hurled themselves into the crazy mob.

The 60 acres of the financial district was a Bedlam. Men tore papers from the hands of newsboys and rushed away without paying for them. The wildest rumors, if of evil purport, became certainties. The word went down the street that a great bank had closed its doors. There was no fragment of truth in the statement, but it was accepted as an unquestioned fact. It was charged that the great enterprises in which Carmody, Pence and Morton were concerned were insolvent, and that these men were in secret conference, endeavoring to arrange a compromise with the creditors. Mr. Kent was regarded as the speculator who had been intrusted with this news, and commissioned to use it to recoup some of his losses.

The evening papers were flooding the city with extras. The news was so stupendous as to confound the genius of the designers of headlines. There was neither space nor type sufficient to depict their emotions. But the imagination of the reporters was equal to the crisis. In bewildering succession the millionaires were kidnapped, lured away, and murdered by anarchists; had committed suicide, or reposed safely in the bosom of their families.

At one o'clock sugar had dropped 35 points, Baltimore & Ohio 15 p. mts., St. Paul 14 points, Metropolitan 32 points, Jersey Central 17 points and Steel and Iron 21 points. The stocks in which the missing men were not known to be interested withstood the shock with smaller losses, but the whole list was mutilated almost beyond recognition. The news had reached London too late to permit English operators to cover in that market, and the cables bore the tales of their dilemma.

Shortly after one o'clock brokers in the employ of Street & Rogers jumped into the market as buyers. In the first hour of the session, before the break came, it was estimated that they had sold not less than 300,000 shares, and Kent brokers had sold fully 100,000 more. The total sales for the first hour reached the unprecedented total of 1,300,000 shares. From 11 until one o'clock the representatives of Street & Rogers did nothing. They then began to take some of the stock as it was offered. They became the center of riots. Men fought like fiends to sell them stock. In spite of their support the offerings were so numerous that prices still declined. They bought sugar in 10,000 and 20,000 share lots. In an hour Street & Rogers had covered 600,000 shares.

Two papers appeared with extras containing a dispatch from Philadelphia stating that Messrs. Morton, Carmody, Pence and Kent were in conference at the Hotel Lafayette. It related with great explicitness that they were considering the details of a gigantic railroad combination, and the articles contained a brief interview with Mr. Morton in which he

refused to discuss the objects of the meeting, but regretted that the public should have become alarmed at the secrecy which had been deemed necessary. The same news was spread through the brokerage and commission houses by the news agencies and came out on the tape.

The effect was electrical. The market rose by jumps and bounds. Every one seemed rushing to cover, but the spurt was short-lived. When the market had advanced an average of ten points, Street & Rogers and Boston and Chicago interests turned heavy sellers. They threw the stock they had accumulated at the bottom figures right and left. They found plenty of purchasers. The Philadelphia dispatch was so good it must be true. It sounded natural, and was a logical reason for the absence of these men. At two o'clock the market was firm and slowly advancing notwithstanding the vast offerings from Street & Rogers. At 2:30 Wall street was growing optimistic. It regarded the selling as profit taking, and bought with confidence. Sugar rose to within seven points of the opening figure.

Then came the final disaster. It was announced that John M. Rockwell, the great capitalist, and Hiram Haven, the sugar magnate, also were missing. Simultaneously, word was received from Philadelphia that none of the gentlemen mentioned had been at the Hotel Lafayette, and that the dispatch was bogus, having been sent out by a commission house which took this method to recoup some of its losses. In the crash which followed several houses went to the wall. Their holdings were thrown on the market. Sugar dropped an extreme 40 p. mts. Other securities suffered in proportion. A man stood in the middle of Broad street and blew his brains out. Stead old investment stocks which had regularly paid dividends for years dropped five points between quotations. Sugar fell 11 points on a sale of 400 shares, and did not steady itself for ten minutes, during which time it was worth \$35 a share less than it had been those few minutes before.

Once more it was Street & Rogers to the rescue. For two days they had been selling on good news and buying on bad news. Again their brokers stood in the breach and bought sugar, B. & O., St. Paul, Jersey Central, Metropolitan and Steel and Iron from men who seemed willing to give it away. When the gong sounded at three o'clock, the signal that this awful day was ended on the Stock exchange, these brokers were yet surrounded by swarms of men frantic in their efforts to sell stocks at any prices. It was midnight before the lights went out in the offices of Street & Rogers. Scores of big-guard men arranged private settlements on terms which would permit them to remain solvent.

The profits of the unknown principals or syndicate represented by Street & Rogers, of New York, Morris & Houser, of Boston, and Wright & Fanning, of Chicago, were conservatively estimated at \$24,000,000.

But they were yet in a precarious situation. Shrewd judges calculated that these houses were "long" on stocks to the extent of fully 1,000,000 shares. In the existing state of the market, with the panic in full sway, the profits might disappear in the torrent of holdings which were being thrown overboard. The experts figured that the unknown syndicate had sold 800,000 shares on Friday, Saturday and Monday, and during the early part of Tuesday's session. They had covered 600,000 shares on the big break which announced the disappearance of the capitalists. Their average profit was estimated at \$20 a share, or \$12,000,000. On the rise following the bogus dispatch they had sold 400,000 shares, making a total of 600,000 shares for which they were "short." They covered this, according to the best judges, at an average profit of \$25 a share, or \$15,000,000. This was done during the panic which followed the disappearance of John M. Rockwell and Hiram Haven, and the disclosure of the bogus Philadelphia dispatch. This made their total profits \$27,000,000, but they had purchased an additional 1,000,000 shares, which at the closing figures showed a loss of about three points, or \$3,000,000. The syndicate was therefore \$24,000,000 winner, with 1,000,000 shares yet in their possession, which must be sold in a market that seemed shattered beyond hope of repair.

The members of the firm of Street & Rogers gave out no figures and refused to name the men they were representing. They stated that they had considered the market overbought, and had sold stocks in anticipation of a natural reaction. The unexpected bad news had found them in a situation from which they could not help reaping an enormous advantage. They had simply taken profits on the various movements of the market, and did not share the apprehensions of those who feared for the safety of the missing men. Mr. Street declared that prices were too low at the closing figures, even if it were known that the worst had happened. Intrinsic values could not be permanently affected by the fate of individuals, and he advised buying on any further declines.

Thus closed the most memorable day in the history of Wall street.

He Was Considerate.

"Papa, Mr. Spooner has asked for my hand."

"Well—er—daughter, Mr. Spooner is a very nice young man, and as I have nothing against him, I'll save his life."

"Oh, papa!"

"By refusing."—Denver Times.

Concerning the Play.

She—Was there any plot in that French farce?

He—Er—none to speak of.—Puck.

A GLOWING REPORT.

An Indiana Man Compares Western Canada with the United States—What Mr. Frank Fisher, a Prominent Dunkard, Has to Say After a Trip Through Canada.

The Department of the Interior at Ottawa has just received from Mr. E. T. Holmes, the Agent of the Government stationed at Indianapolis, Indiana, the following letter, which requires no comment. It is only necessary to state that Mr. F. Fisher, the writer of the letter, is one of the most prominent of the Dunkards and a man upon whose word the utmost reliance can be placed. His home is at Mexico, Indiana, and he will be pleased to substantiate verbally or in any other way all that he says in his letter.

Anyone desiring information apply to nearest Canadian Agent, whose addresses are here given:

M. V. McInnes, 2 Avenue Theater Block, Detroit, Mich.
James Grieve, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
J. S. Crawford, 214 West Ninth street, Kansas City, Mo.
Benjamin Davies, 154½ East Third street, St. Paul, Minn.
T. O. Currie, Room 12, B. Callahan's block, 232 Grand avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.
C. J. Broughton, 627 Monadnock building, Chicago, Ill.
W. L. Bennett, 801 New York Life building, Omaha, Neb.
W. H. Rogers, Watertown, S. D.
N. Bartholomew, 305 Fifth street, Des Moines, Ia.
J. H. M. Parker, 630 Chamber of Commerce, Duluth, Minn.
E. T. Holmes, Room 6, Big Four building, Indianapolis, Ind.
Joseph Young, 51½ State street, Columbus, O.

To my many friends:

I am pleased to make a report to you of the pleasant visit my wife and I had in Western Canada.

We visited the territories of Alberta, Assiniboia, and Saskatchewan, and found them far surpassing our imagination, but little did I expect to find such rich, loamy soil, so much of it, and so uniform in its level prairie lay. I do think the soil of Canada as a rule equals if not exceeds the finest prairie farm lands of Indiana. These lands are immense in their richness, and when once the sod is rotted and pulverized, it is as pliable and as easily cultivated as Indiana sandy soil.

Western Canada, from my point of view, offers as fine opportunities for mixed farming as any place in my knowledge. The long, sunshiny days, together with the rich soil, produce very fine wheat, oats, barley, flax and other cereal products. There is scarcely any attempt to raise corn, except early varieties for table use. The season is too short to depend upon maturing field corn. From the standpoint of getting this land ready for the plow, I must say that I never saw such a vast extent, practically all ready, so all that one has to do is to hitch up the plow and go to work. This is not the case with all the Canadian land, however; some of it has quite a bit of timber, much of it may be called brush land, and some of it has lovely forest groves, dotted here and there, thereby covering a hundred and sixty acres.

I have no doubt but that this country excels as a grazing or ranching country, because they have such rich grass, having an abundance of rain to keep it fresh. They also have plenty of water streams, and as a rule water may be reached at a depth of from 20 to 40 feet. From this you see there can be plenty of hay mown for winter feeding, and I have had reliable farmers to tell me that their stock will feed on hay alone, and be ready for market in the spring. Upon inquiring about the expense of raising a steer, a farmer replied that he did not consider it would cost any more than \$4.00 or \$6.00 to develop a three-year-old steer.

I truly think Canada offers a fine opening for a young man or a man who is renting land in Indiana. One hundred and sixty acres of good black land will cost you only \$10.00 at the time you enter it, and by plowing and cultivating five acres each year for three years, gives you one hundred and sixty acres of good land for \$10.00. This land can be bought from the Railroad Companies, private corporations or the Government for \$3.00 to \$4.00 per acre.

From a financial standpoint, I believe that for a series of years (five), a young man can make \$10.00 in Canada, whereas he would only make \$1.00 here, and I feel sure that I spent more money to get my eighty acre farm in White County, Indiana, cultivated, than it would cost me to cultivate eight hundred acres in Canada. This may seem a strong view to take of the matter, but when you take into consideration the clearing, ditching, fencing and the expensive breaking in of the stumps, and then compare the expense to that of land needing only the breaking, you will conclude that it is not such a wild or exaggerated statement as you might at first think.

I enjoyed the balmy, breezy atmosphere, which was bracing and refreshing, and the cool nights which made it so pleasant for sleep.

On making inquiries regarding the winters in this country I learned that the people never suffer from the cold, as the weather is dry and invigorating, and in a great many places, farmers and herders allow their stock to run outside the year round.

One great advantage to the settlers in Western Canada is the free creameries established by the Government, and run exclusively in the interest of the farmer.

I visited Thomas Daley, a farmer near Edmonton, Alberta, who showed me oats he had raised, some of which took the first prize at the Paris Exposition last year. The same yielded 110 bushels to the acre in 1899.

Yours truly,

FRANK FISHER,
Mexico, Ind.

FOR FIRST-CLASS SERVICE

SEND YOUR WORK TO THE

Bourbon Laundry Co.

THE Queen and Crescent
Route and its connecting lines to the
Pan-American Exposition BUFFALO
May 1st to Nov. 1st, 1901.

Excursion rates and special train service will be announced later. The Pan-American, the greatest American Exposition since the World's Fair. Imposing architecture, wonderful displays, special features, dazzling midway.

NIAGARA FALLS Only 80 minutes from Exposition Grounds.

Free Reclining Chairs

On Queen & Crescent night trains, Pullman Drawing Room Sleepers on all routes. See tickets for rates, schedules, etc., or address
CHAS. W. ZELL,
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CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE
IN EFFECT JULY 15, 1900.

EAST BOUND.		WEST BOUND.	
At Louisville.	8:30am 4:00pm	At Winchester.	7:30am 4:30pm 2:40pm
At Lexington.	11:00am 6:40pm	At Lexington.	11:00am 6:40pm 2:40pm
At Washington.	12:00pm 8:40pm	At Washington.	12:00pm 8:40pm 2:40pm
At New York.	12:40pm 9:20pm	At New York.	12:40pm 9:20pm 2:40pm
		At Philadelphia.	10:15am 7:00pm
		At Philadelphia.	10:15am 7:00pm

Trains marked thus run daily except Sunday; other trains run daily. Through Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington and New York without change.

For rates, Sleeping Car reservations or any information call on
F. B. CARR,
Agent L. & N. R. R., Paris, Ky.,
or GEORGE W. BARNEY,
Div. Pass. Agent, Lexington, Ky.

BIG FOUR.

THE BUFFALO ROUTE TO THE

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

UNION DEPOT AT CINCINNATI.

Tickets reading via Big Four and Lake Shore will be good on Steamer Line in either direction between Cleveland and Buffalo without extra charge.

C. C. CLARK, T. P. A.,
Chattanooga, Tenn.
J. E. REEVES, G. S. A.,
Cincinnati, O.
J. W. LYNCH, G. P. & T. A.,
Cincinnati, O.

CLOTHING CLEANED

THOMAS BROS.

Are prepared to promptly dye, clean, press and repair clothing in a satisfactory manner at reasonable prices. They ask your patronage.

*Phone 303

OPPOSITE HOTEL WINDSOR

JAPANESE PILE CURE

A New and Complete Treatment, consisting of SUPPOSITORIES, Capsules of Ointment and two Boxes of Ointment. A never failing Cure for Piles of every nature and degree. It makes an operation with the knife or injections of carbolic acid, which result in death, unnecessary. Why endure this terrible disease? We Pack a Written Guarantee in each \$1 Box. You only pay for medicine received. 50c and \$1 a box, 6 for \$5. Sent by mail.

JAPANESE PILE OINTMENT, 25c a Box. CURED, Piles Prevented, the Great LIVER and STOMACH REGULATORS and BLOOD PURIFIER. Small, mild and pleasant to take, especially adapted for children's use. 50c and \$1 a box, 6 for \$5. Sent by mail.

NOTICE—The Genuine Japanese Pile Cure for sale only by

W. T. Brooks,

GOING AWAY TO SCHOOL

The Shortest Road to Success is Business Education

Young Men and Women Secure positions as Bookkeepers and stenographers by attending this school. Write for Catalogue at once.

Lockyear's Business College
Evansville, Indiana

Kodol

Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspepsias have been cured after everything else failed. It prevents formation of gas on the stomach, relieving all distress after eating. Dosing unnecessary. Pleasant to take.

It can't help but do you good

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The \$1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

Safe. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggists for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists.

CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., PHILA., PA.
2100 Madison Square, PHILA., PA.
Mention this paper.

Notice.

To Policy Holders in Old Line Companies: Beware of the confidence game played by the pious Insurance Agent, who wants to do you the favor of switching you from your company to his. All companies write numerous plans of insurance and every plan costs a different price. You get value received for any plan you buy, from any Old Line Company. When the confidence man shows you a plan differing from the one you have, which is part of the game, and should you prefer this particular plan write to the Agent or Company who insured you and get it, and thereby save what you paid. Don't be an easy mark. There are millions of dollars lost each year by policyholders being duped by confidence men.

H. C. WILSON.

This Will Interest Many.

To quickly introduce B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), the famous Southern blood cure, into new homes, we will send, absolutely free, 10,000 trial treatments. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) quickly cures old ulcers, carbuncles, pimples of offensive eruptions, pains in bones or joints, rheumatism, scrofula, eczema, itching skin and blood humors, cancer, eating, festering sores, boils, catarrh, or any blood or skin trouble. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) heals every sore or pimple, makes the blood pure and rich and stops all aches and pains. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) thoroughly tested for thirty years in hospital and private practice, and has cured thousands of cases given up as hopeless. Sold at drug stores, \$1 per large bottle. For free treatment write to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Medicine sent at once, prepaid. Describe trouble and free medical advice given. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) gives life vigor and strength to the blood, the finest Blood Purifier made. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) gives a healthy blood supply to the skin and entire system.



Much the Easier Task.

It was morning, and as he glanced out of the window he was surprised. "Why, it rained last night," he remarked.

There was a flash of indignation in his wife's eyes as she turned on him.

"Rain!" she exclaimed. "Well, I guess it did rain. And I had to pull up the awning and put down the windows."

"But you needn't have done that," he protested. "Why didn't you wake me?"

"I tried to," she answered coldly, "and I found the other an easier job."—Chicago Post.

Only One Answer.

McJigger—He does ask some of the most useless questions. He saw roast chicken on the bill of fare today, and he asked the waiter if he thought it was good.

Thingumbob—Well, how was that a useless question?

McJigger—The waiter was a colored man.—Philadelphia Press.

Most Urgent Business.

Lawyer—If anybody asks for me this afternoon say I am called away on most urgent business.

Office Boy—Yes, sir.

Half an hour later:

Stranger—Is Mr. Quill in?

Office Boy—No sir; he's been called away to a baseball match on most urgent business.—Golden Days.

Serious, But Not Fatal.

He lost his grip on the moving train. And yet he broke no bones; but when he found he had left it there he swore in awful tones.

—Town Topics.

HER MIND'S WORK.



Bertie—Ah, Miss Ruby, are your thoughts wandering in the diaphanous realms of fairyland?

Miss Ruby—No; I was wondering whether we'd have boiled potatoes up at the boarding house to-day. We've had 'em five days running.—Chicago Daily News.

Wrong Word.

"Hello! your uncle," Dumley cried, "has left you all, I've heard."

"Not at all," poor Glimley said, and sighed: "Entirely" is the word.

—Philadelphia Record.

Like the Real Thing.

Church—How did you like that war drama at the theatre, the other night?

Gotham—It seemed like the real thing. There was a boy eating peanuts in the gallery and the shells were dropping all about me.—Yonkers Statesman.

His Improved Circumstances.

"Hello, Coogelman! I didn't expect to see you up here. You look as if you were prospering. The last time I saw you, I think, you were running a saloon in Juggtown. What are you doing now?"

"I'm in the —er—retail liquor business."—Chicago Tribune.

A Modern Wonder.

She's a wonder of the age, for she is upon the stage. And you will agree with us if her you've seen.

For she's over 46, but she manages to fix so she looks to be around about 14. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

BEREAVED.



He—I've lost a wealthy aunt to-day. She—When did she die? He—O, she isn't dead, but her niece has just jilted me.—Judy.

Lost by Waiting.

She—One year ago you proposed to me. He—I did. She—And I cruelly refused you. He—Yes.

She—Well, I have thought the matter over lately and have changed my mind.

He—So have I.—Chicago Daily News.

Dumley's Road to Wealth.
Mr. Dumley was making an evening call, and Bobby, who was allowed to sit up a little later than usual, put to him the following question: "Mr. Dumley, do you want to make five dollars in ten minutes?"

"Do I want to make five dollars in ten minutes?" laughed the young man. "Certainly I do. But how can I make five dollars in ten minutes, Bobby?"

"Mamma will give it to you. She told pa that she would give five dollars to see you hold your tongue for ten minutes."—Tit-Bits.



Tommy Tuff—Say, mam, the boys all say if I handle the stick in the baseball game this afternoon, we'll beat the Hilltops fourteen to one.

His Mother—I don't doubt it, but you are going to stay at home this afternoon and handle the stick for me, and we'll beat the carpet worse than that.—Detroit Free Press.

Quoth the "Skeeter."

"I'm fond of folks," the "skeeter" sighed, "but they love me not, I see. Although at divers times they've tried to make a mash on me."

—Boston Herald.

Deceived by Appearances.

Old Friend (just returned)—Your engagement with Miss Prettie is off, I see.

Billton—Off?

Old Friend—Why, yes. She just passed, and scarcely deigned you a look.

Billton—Oh, that's it? We are married.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Bright Side.

A lady was lamenting the ill-fortune which attended her affairs when a friend, wishing to console her, bade her look upon the bright side.

"Oh!" she sighed, "there seems to be no bright side."

"Then polish up the dark one," was the quick reply.—Golden Days.

The Common Mould.

'Tis strange to think that monarch's great built on heroic plan.

Have chills and headaches, very like an ordinary man!

—Washington Star.

FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.



Mrs. Mosquito—Be sure you get the number of his room right, Willie.—Chicago American.

Kept His Word.

"I'll turn her head," the young man said; so he began to flatter.

With tricks and wiles, and winning smiles.

And fascinating chatter.

He did it, yes! it made him feel quite yellow;

For soon he learned that her head was turned.

Towards the other fellow! —London Fun.

Three of a Kind.

Ella—Bella told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her.

Stella—She's a mean thing—I told her not to tell you I told her.

Ella—Well! I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did.—Brooklyn Life.

Bitterness.

"There's that girl singing 'A Bird in a Gilded Cage!'" said the nervous man.

"Yes," answered the boarding house wag. "If I had a bird that couldn't sing any better than that, I'd open the cage and let it fly away."—Washington Star.

How It Was.

"It was like this," said the prominent citizen of Beaumont, Tex.: "They bored the well down 3,000 feet without finding oil, and then pulled up the drill and moved off."

"The stockholders?"

"Oh! They were left in the hole!"—Puck.

Never at Home Now.

"Do you remember that young man you had your eye on when I was here three years ago, dear?"

"Oh, yes; I remember."

"Have you got your eye on him yet?"

"Oh, my, no! I married him, you know, and I can't keep my eye on him now."—Yonkers Statesman.

SIGNALS OF THE STREETS.

Nearly Every Bell in the City Thoroughfares Now Means "Jump for Your Life!"

In the steady volume of the noises of the street the bell has become the insistent characteristic—the jingling bell, the tinkling bell, the sweet bell jangled out of tune—above all, the peremptory clang of the warning gong. It is not so very long ago that the bells of the street were few and readily understood. There was the gypsy chime of cowbells swinging on a leather belt supported by uprights on a pushcart. Its not inharmonious jangle meant old rags as certainly as the blast of the horn meant Friday fish. The clangor of the brazen handbell, the large dinner bell, pealed in a sort of march tempo, was a sure indication of the passage of the scissors grinder, with his wheel upon his back and the bell in hand, looking for the chance to renew the edges of domestic cutlery.

Every horse on every street car wore a bell at his collar, and the rhythmic jingle was no unpleasant accompaniment to the flinty beat of iron-shod hoofs in measured intervals upon the cobbles, says the New York Tribune.

Now the bells have only one message, and a stern one: "Get out of the way!"—a message such as may be read where country turnpikes cross the track under the warning gibbet, with its inscription: "Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings."

The stroke of every bell upon the streets in this high speeding age means "Jump for your life!" With clang and clatter the electric car whizzes past, and before the warning has ceased to ring in the ears will be a block away.

Still more peremptory are the ambulances, whose rubber tires bring them, scarcely heard, right down upon the wayfarer before their gong goes off with the rattle of all the watchmen of antiquity rolled into one. Still more stealthy in its approach is the bicycle, with the weaker demand of its continuous performance bell for the right of way; but foot travel has become habituated to the wheel, and is disposed to insist upon some such rule as secures the right of way at sea to the windjammer over the steamer.

The latest bell to come upon the streets is that which marks the coming of the automobile. Some of these deadly machines have adopted the shrill pipe of the whistle of steam or compressed air, but others have a distinctive chime of two notes, like some church clock striking the half-hour. For no worse sin than ringing the bells of his parish church John Bunyan saw the red-hot gates of hell yawning open for him. Just think what a doomdealer he would be were he to listen to the bells of the street.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

New Regulations Designed to Promote the General Intelligence of the Country.

Although illiteracy is almost unknown in Germany, legislators are constantly busy designing means for promoting the intelligence of the masses. Uniformity in the elementary schools is the purpose of an act recently gone into effect, says an educational authority. The law decrees that a child must attend school from six until 14 years of age. Exceptions may be made, but blind and deaf and dumb children are subject to this rule wherever special arrangements have been made for their instruction. Children attending other public schools or receiving instruction from private teachers, corresponding, at least, to that of the public schools, are not obliged to attend the latter. Children who continually neglect school without sufficient excuse can be compelled to attend. Parents or guardians who neglect to keep their children at school will be subject to fines or imprisonment varying from three hours to two days. Instead of imprisonment work for the community may be imposed.

Employers who keep children from school will be fined not less than 150 marks. Parents and guardians are obliged to provide material for needlework and other means of instruction for girls. Otherwise the school board has the right to obtain these things by compulsion. According to the district physician act of April 1 all public and private schools are, in hygienic matters, under the control of an official physician, who must, at certain intervals, winter and summer, visit every school in his district and examine the buildings as well as inquire concerning the health of the pupils and the schoolmaster.

Original.

As the farmer entered the town a courtly man drew near with a view to swindling him.

"You can't sell me a gold brick!" said the farmer, at once.

"How original you are!" said the man.

"Yes," said the farmer, "I am a mark, of course, but I am no mere ditto mark, I tell you that!"

The man started violently at this. And had it not been for the other's pure, limpid David Harum dialect, he would have had his suspicions.—Detroit Journal.

Slow.

Towne—Isn't he the most tiresome talker you ever heard?

Browne—Yes, he reminds me of a woman sharpening a pencil.

"Sets your nerves on edge, eh?"

"Not only that, but it takes him so long to get to the point."—Philadelphia Press.

John's Opinion.
Mrs. Howes—For mercy's sake, John, what have you been doing in the back yard all the evening?
Mr. Howes—You see, dear, it was so much more interesting to hear what the servants said about you and your mother than to listen to what you and your mother had to say about the servants that I stood a good deal longer than I meant to.—Boston Transcript.

Elements of Greatness.
It is said that a great broker once told his son that only two things were necessary to make a great financier. "And what are those, papa?" the son asked. "Honesty and sagacity." "But what do you consider the mark of honesty to be?" "Always to keep your word." "And the mark of sagacity?" "Never to give your word."—Chicago Chronicle.

In a Class All Alone.

He—What kind of a woman is that beautiful Mrs. Swift?

She—Well, with one exception, she makes every man she meets sorry that he isn't her husband.

"And the one exception?"

"Oh, he's sorry that he is."—Chicago Daily News.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes Feel Easy. Cures Corns, Itching, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Smarting, Sore and Sweating Feet. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Fashion's New Fad.

"What is the nature of this new-fangled malady which they call the 'golfing spine'?"

"That," responded Cynicus, "is easy. 'Golfing spine' is what the old man used to have after a hard day's plowing, but he called it the backache."—N. Y. Times.

Clubb—"My wife's going around with a chip on her shoulder to-day."

"That so?" Clubb—"Yes; she found one in my pocket this morning."—Philadelphia Press.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.

J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N. Y., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

"Yes, he cracked a joke." "Well?"

"And there was nothing in it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hoxsie's Croup Cure

The life saver of children. No opium. 50c.

Some remarks would be more remarkable if left unmade.—Chicago Daily News.

Half an hour is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Love poems should always be bound in calf.—Chicago Daily News.

MARKET REPORTS.

Cincinnati, Sept. 7.

CATTLE—Common . . . 2 40 @ 3 65

Extra butchers . . . 4 75 @ 5 00

CALVES—Extra . . . 6 00 @ 6 25

HOGS—Select shippers . . . 6 85 @ 6 90

Mixed packers . . . 6 60 @ 6 85

SHEEP—Extra . . . 3 10 @ 3 25

LAMBS—Extra . . . 5 00 @ 5 25

FLOUR—Spring pat . . . 3 50 @ 4 15

CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 57 1/2

OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 37 1/2

RYE—No. 2 . . . @ 56 1/2

HAY—Ch. timothy . . . @ 13 50

PORK—Family . . . @ 15 50

LARD—Steam . . . @ 9 10

BUTTER—Ch. dairy . . . @ 12 1/2

Choice creamery . . . @ 22

APPLES—Per brl . . . 1 50 @ 2 00

POTATOES . . . 2 75 @ 2 90

Sweet Potatoes . . . 2 75 @ 3 00

TOBACCO—New . . . 8 05 @ 9 35

Old . . . 11 25 @ 13 00

Chicago.

FLOUR—Win. patent. 3 40 @ 3 50

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . @ 71

No. 3 spring . . . 66 1/2 @ 68

CORN—No. 2 . . . @ 55 1/2

OATS—No. 2 . . . 34 1/2 @ 35 1/2

RYE—No. 2 . . . 53 1/2 @ 55 1/2

PORK—Mess . . . 14 60 @ 14 65

LARD—Steam . . . 9 35 @ 9 37 1/2

New York.

FLOUR—Win. patent. 3 60 @ 3 85

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . @ 76 1/2

CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 62 1/2

OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 38

RYE—Western . . . @ 60 1/2

PORK—Family . . . 16 75 @ 17 00

LARD—Steam . . . @ 9 65

Baltimore.

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 73 1/2 @ 74

Southern . . . 58 @ 75 1/2

CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 60 @ 60 1/2

OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . 37 1/2 @ 38

CATTLE—Butchers . . . 5 00 @ 5 25

HOGS—Western . . . 6 75 @ 6 80

Louisville.

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . @ 71

CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 60

OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 37 1/2

PORK—Mess . . . @ 15 00

LARD—Steam . . . @ 9 00

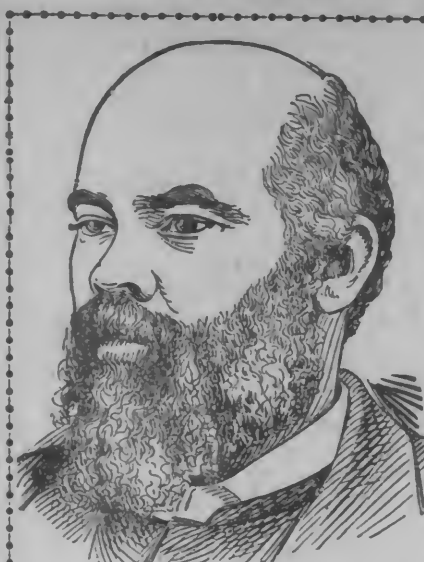
Indianapolis.

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . @ 70

CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 55

OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 36

A METHODIST BISHOP GIVES PE-RU-NA GREAT CREDIT.



BISHOP GRANT, OF INDIANAPOLIS.

Bishop A. Grant, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes the following letter:

Indianapolis, Indiana, 3349 N. Pennsylvania Street.

Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

Gentlemen—"I have been using Peruna for catarrh and can cheerfully recommend your remedy to anyone who wants a good medicine."—A. Grant.

Prominent members of the clergy are giving Peruna their unqualified endorsement. These men find Peruna especially adapted to preserve them from catarrh of the vocal organs which has always been the bane of public speakers, and general catarrhal debility incident to the sedentary life of the clergyman. Among the recent utterances of noted clergymen on the curative virtues of Peruna is the above one from Bishop Grant.

"My little boy had been suffering for some time with catarrh of the lower bowels. Other remedies had failed, but after taking two bottles of Peruna the trouble almost entirely disappeared. For this special malady I consider it well worth a specific."—Rev. E. G. Smith.

Rev. A. S. Vaughn, Eureka Springs, Ark., says: "I had been prostrated by congestive chills and was almost dead; as soon as able to be about, I commenced the use of Peruna. I took five bottles; my strength returned rapidly and I am now enjoying my usual health."—Rev. A. S. Vaughn.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

WINCHESTER

"NEW RIVAL" FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS

Stevenson's Cup of Misery.
R. L. Stevenson, writing in 1893 to George Meredith, in an epistle quoted in a new edition of his "Letters," says, with heart touching pathos:
"For 14 years I have not had a day's real health. I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary, and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness, and for so long, it seems to me, I have won my winger and recovered my glove. I am better now—have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific—and still few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—ill or well is a trifle so that it goes. I was made for a contest, and the powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physio bottle. At least, I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpeting and the open air over my head."

The Life Line in One's Hand.
There are three prominent lines in the palm—the line of life, that of the head and the heart line.
The line of life begins on the inner boundary of the palm, about midway between the thumb and the forefinger. If we imagine the left hand to be a map, with the fingers pointing north, this line runs toward the southeast, then curves toward the south and in some hands curves finally toward the southwest. It thus skirts the base or "uprise" of the thumb, known as the "uprise" of Venus. If it is deep, broad, of good color and extends nearly or quite to the wrist and if the rest of the hand indicates vitality and cheerfulness, the subject may be expected to live to a green old age; he has a good disposition and the qualities which good health and good temper usually create.

Crane Island.
In Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, there is a picturesque island which takes its name from the fact that it is uninhabited by man and given over to the cranes. Generations back these birds decided upon this spot for a summer resort. As times went on and the surrounding islands populated no man had the heart to disturb them, until now Crane Island is pointed out from passing boats as one of the curiosities of the northwest.

Shaves and Colds.
It is not generally known among men that close shaving is apt to bring on a cold. Barbers, however, are acquainted with this fact, and it is rather on account of it than through any desire to bring their patrons back soon again that they do not, unless ordered to, administer close shaves.

The Burlington's California Excursions; Personally Conducted.

Every Wednesday night from St. Louis and Chicago the Burlington's Personally Conducted Tourist Sleeper Excursions leave for California. In addition to the protection of special conductors, the crowning feature is the route through scenic Colorado and Salt Lake City. These Excursions are a feature in the Burlington's passenger service.

Very Cheap to California and Return.—Much less than half rates are made September 19th to 27th, inclusive. Final return limit, November 15th.

Home-seekers' Excursions to the West and Northwest.

Including Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Montana, California, Washington, Oregon and the Dakotas. September 3d and 17th are the selected dates for these great Autumn Excursions. The Burlington has the best trains to Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, Denver, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Do us the favor to write for Burlington descriptive matter; outline your trip and let us advise you the least cost. Any ticket agent can sell via the Burlington; it is the greatest railroad within the Louisiana Purchase; it is the main traveled line to the West and Northwest. Of its 8,100 miles of railroad, 5,000 miles are main lines.

W. M. SHAW,
D. P. A., 406 Vine St.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
L. W. WAKELEY,
Gen'l Pass'r Agt.,
St. Louis, Mo.
HOWARD ELLIOTT,
General Manager,
St. Louis, Mo.

A bad complexion generally results from inactive liver and bowels. In all cases DeWitt's Little Early Risers produce gratifying results.—W. T. Brooks.

Science has found that rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood. This poison should be excreted by the kidneys. Foley's Kidney Cure always makes them well.—Clarke and Kenney.

Any advertised dealer is authorized to guarantee Banner Salve for tetter, eczema, piles, sprains, scalds, burns, ulcers and any open or old sore.—Clarke & Kenney.

Sick Headache?
Food doesn't digest well? Appetite poor? Bowels constipated? Tongue coated? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills; they cure dyspepsia, biliousness.

25c. All druggists.
Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE** for the whiskers.
875 1/2 of Broadway, Dr. R. P. Hall & Co., New York, N. Y.

SAVAGES IN JAPAN.

THE HAIRY AINOS AND THEIR RESERVATIONS IN THE EMPIRE.

Odd Customs Practiced by These Aboriginal People of Japan. Unique Styles in Baby Names. Their Resemblance to Our Indians.

The Ainus, generally known to Americans and Europeans as "the hairy Ainos," are the only aboriginal people now living in Japan. They are called "hairy" in contradistinction to the smooth faced Japanese, Koreans and Chinese. Their present home is in Hokkaido, or Yesso, the most northerly part of the empire, although it is supposed that in earlier times they occupied most of the entire country. Ancestors of the Japanese of today found them in possession and by force of superior arms and civilization gradually drove them to the north, much in the same way as the savages were driven back toward the Pacific by the early settlers in America.

The Ainus live today pretty much as the Indians on their reservations in the west. They are still for the most part half savage, and the Japanese name for them, "Yesso," means barbarian. They are very skillful in hunting and fishing, which are their chief occupations. They are under the protection of the Imperial government and are entirely separated from the Japanese. The latest census showed that they number very nearly 17,000.

Among the many curious customs of the Ainus perhaps the quaintest is their method of naming their children. They observe a peculiar economy in giving names. The infant must go without a name until it shows itself worthy of bearing one. If it is sickly and not likely to live, it is not considered worth while to waste a name upon it. As each child must by immemorial custom have a brand new name, used by no one in the community, names are scarce and must be guarded. If the child should be given a name borne by some one else, the ghost of the former possessor of the name may come back from the underworld to avenge the slight.

It is customary to take a name from some incident that occurred at the child's birth or it is left to the parents afterward to choose one for it. Should the infant come into the world with a smiling face it might be called Ikishimaburu, which means a smile, or fond parents may call it Kamoisage (a pulling rope of the gods) if they wish their child to be in the special care of the gods.

From the age of 7 to 10 Ainu children of either sex have their heads shaved, but after 11 they are allowed to have long hair and wear the same clothes as grown persons. They wear no clothing unless the weather is very cold. The favorite and almost exclusive ornament is the earring, usually made of metal. What clothing is worn is made of straw. They never wear shoes or other covering for the feet except as a great luxury and mark of distinction on ceremonious occasions.

The men carry small knives and tobacco pouches, and the women carry small looking glasses and knives. The knife is used as symbolic. The maiden wears it with the blade bare, but when she marries it is worn in a sheath. The women also paint their faces, using a kind of ink for the purpose.

The Ainus live mostly by fishing and hunting. They hunt the bear and deer, catch salmon and other fish and grow potatoes and millet. Whenever they can get it they eat rice, which they regard as the best food, though they do not raise it themselves. Both sexes smoke tobacco and drink liquor.

The marriage customs differ widely from those of the Japanese. The question is first settled between the youth and maiden, who then refer the matter to their parents through a mediator, who should be a relative of the prospective bridegroom. The man must send a present of lacquered ware, which is regarded by them as one of the most precious things in the world. This, however, is reclaimed by him if his wife afterward seeks a divorce.

Ainus live in dwellings of about the same class as those of the American Indians. The rude hut has two windows, one of them for ordinary earthly uses, the other reserved for the entrance of the gods.

Woman is fairly treated and held in deep respect. The man is not allowed to enter the house when the woman is in it alone, and he is not permitted to walk behind a woman. When a man meets a woman, he must salute first, by smoothing his beard and rubbing his hands. Then she responds by touching her nose with a finger of her left hand.

During October the Ainus hold a religious fete, which is called the bear festival, because they sacrifice a bear which has been carefully fostered for three years.

Judicial punishment among the Ainus consists of a severe beating with a stick administered to the culprit. The crimes are generally theft—stealing articles or the wife of a neighbor. As there are eight men to one woman the majority of the males are not married, and wife stealing is very common. The accused is subjected to a long examination by the chief of the community and is then compelled to resort to the ordeal of fire. He must take a stone out of boiling water. If innocent, the Ainu think he will not be injured. If the question cannot be settled in this way, the principals in the dispute must fight it out.

The Ainus are polytheists, though they limit their gods to two, a god of fire and a god of water. The first is called Kabekamol and the latter Hato-kamol. They, also, like most peoples who have a religious system, believe in some sort of heaven and hell—Japan and America.

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Cincinnati, O., and return at one fare Sept. 9, 10, 11. Good returning until Sept. 20.

Norfolk, Va., and return at one fare for round trip September 7 and 8; limited to September 15.

Ewing, Ky., and return September 11 to 14 inclusive at one fare for round trip; limited to September 16. Account Ewing Fair. Special train leaves Paris daily at 8:30 a. m. Returning leaves Ewing at 5:30 p. m.

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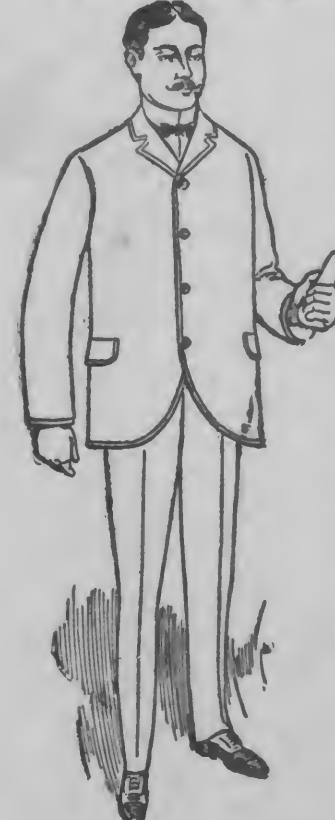
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